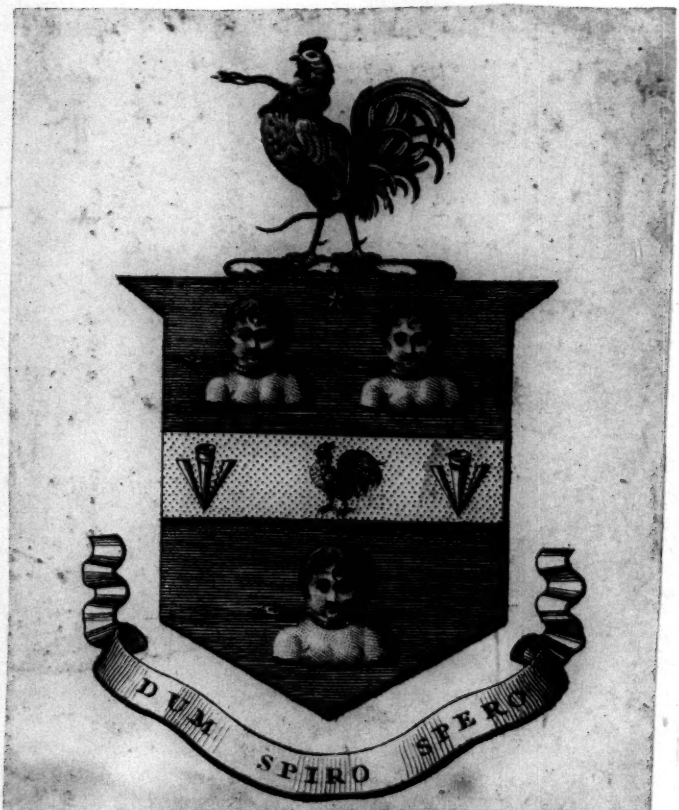

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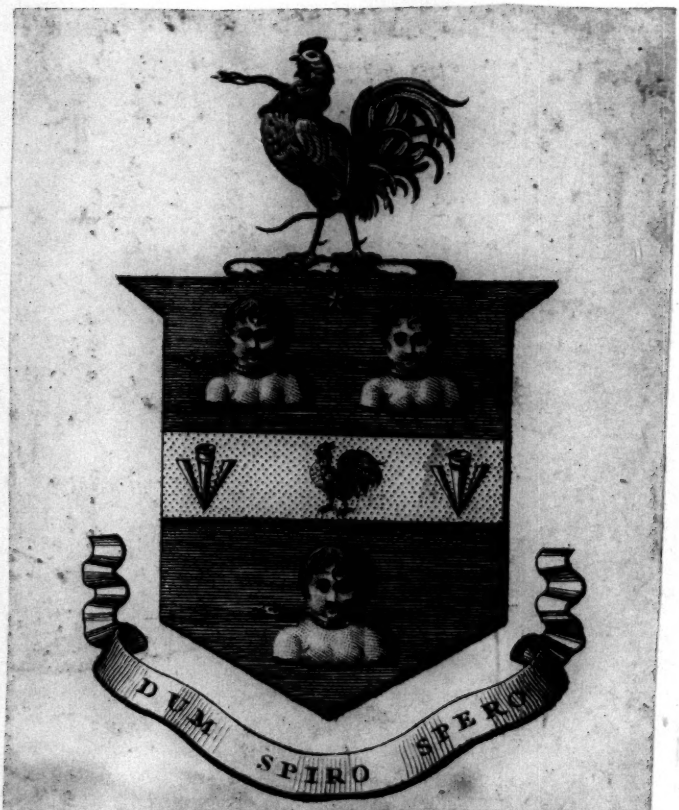

John Morice

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Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Fifteenth.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VIII.

CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCC LXXXVIII.

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Bell's Edition.

HENRY VIII.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXXVI.

HENRY VIII.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

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SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

As revised in the last Edition.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

HENRY VIII.

We are unacquainted with any dramatic piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspere; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry. "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry* VIII. before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stow, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspere comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

The

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspere has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian. JOHNSON.

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is (beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend),
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King HENRY *the Eighth.*
Cardinal WOLSEY. *Cardinal* CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of NORFOLK. *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK. *Earl of* SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain. *Sir* THOMAS AUDLEY, *Lord-Keeper.*
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of LINCOLN. *Lord* ABERGAVENNY. *Lord* SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD. *Sir* THOMAS LOVEL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY. *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX.
Sir WILLIAM SANDS.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
GARTER, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber. *Porter, and his Man.*

WOMEN.

Queen KATHARINE.
ANNE BULLEN.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows. *Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her.* *Scribes, Officers.* *Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Antichamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one Door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform

Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propt by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon

For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,

But

But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power; You know his nature,

That

That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the Purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his Eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of Disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks:

Matter

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along

By

By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,

Under

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[*To* Aberg.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran.

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. Cornet. Enter King HENRY, *leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir* THOMAS LOVEL. *The Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet, on his right Side.*

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A Noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
[*To* WOLSEY.
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off

The

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not

Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, It was usual with him, every day

It

It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Pountney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,

Men

Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke), shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,

It

It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv.

Surv. After — *the duke his father,* — with — *the knife*— 499
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night, 510
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good, our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For,

For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fire-works;

Abusing

Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're going
(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em); now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current musick too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov.

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to York-Place. Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one Door; at another Door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVEL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would, I were;

They

They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies: [*Sits.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. *Enter Cardinal* WOLSEY, *and takes his State.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and Trumpets, Chambers discharg'd.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;

For

For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*All arise, and Tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace, for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Chuse Ladies for the Dance. King, and* ANNE BULLEN.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty!
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My lord—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the Company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
[*To* ANNE BULLEN.
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one.——Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.
[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gentleman.

WHITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;

Sir

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gen.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,

Earl

Earl Surrey was sent hither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 *Gen.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment (Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the Edge toward him; Halberds on each Side), accompanied with Sir* THOMAS LOVEL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common People, &c.*

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet heaven bear witness,

And,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:——
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake you; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel;
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gen.* Yes; but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord-mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,

For

For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

My lord—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain,

Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence

That

That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Chamb. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha!

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS *with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?——O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* WOLSEY.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [*To* NORF. *and* SUF.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another. *Exeunt* NORF. *and* SUF.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him, that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

CARDINAL *goes out, and re-enters with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,

Would

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Anti-Chamber of the Queen's Apartments. Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's stranger now again.

Anne.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth—
Old L. Yes, troth and troth—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old. L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.

Old L.

Old. L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

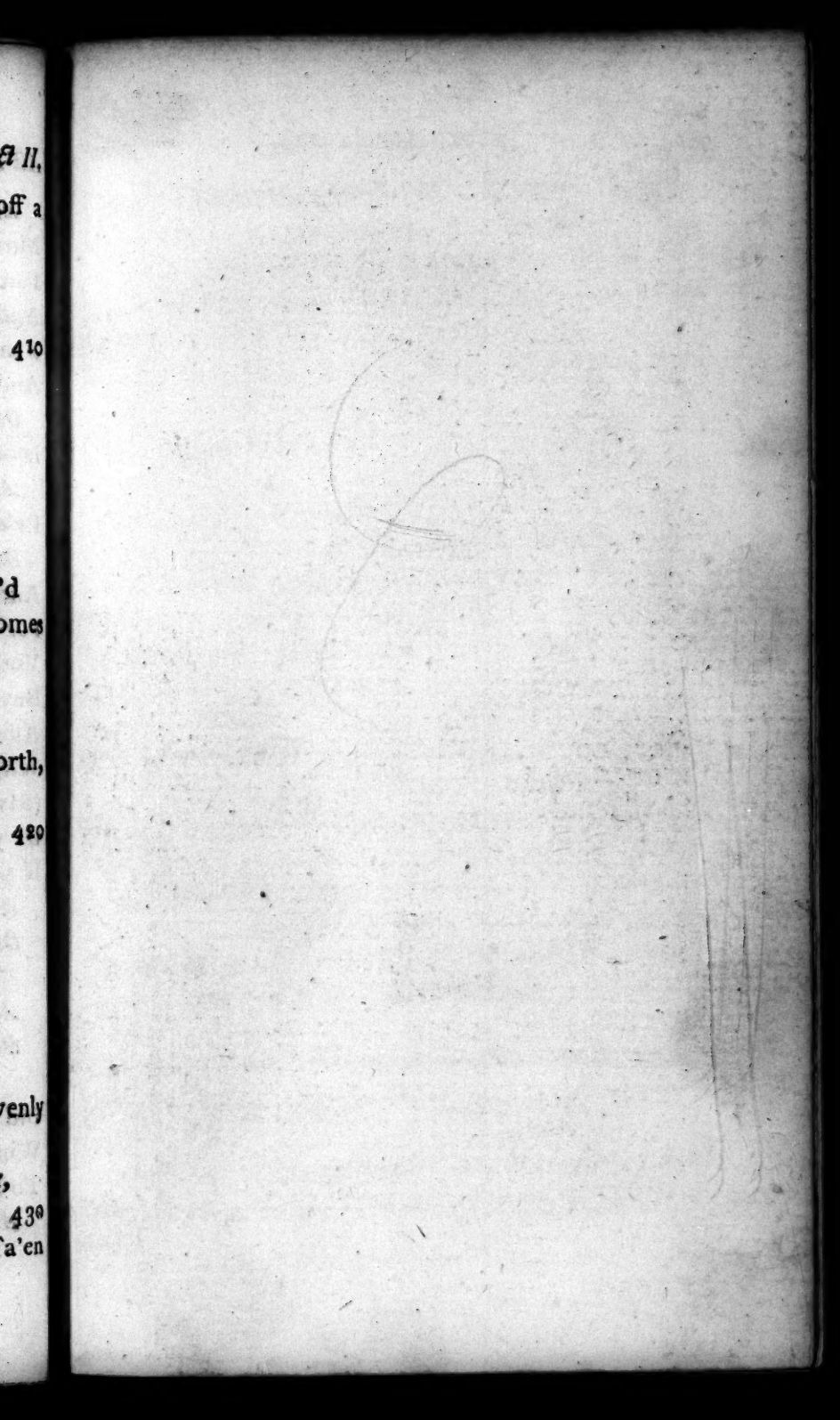
Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Chamb. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's



Burney del.

Mrs. BARNES in ANNE BULLEN.

Beseech your Lordship
Vouchsafe to Speak my thanks, & my Obedience

London Printed for John Bell at the British Library Strand 24th June 1786.

Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds,
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the king: And who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,

For any suit of pounds: and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt:—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the Habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the Bishops of* LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and St.* ASAPH; *next them, with some small Distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars; after them, Side by Side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes Place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals, sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes Place, some Distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each Side the Court, in Manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient Order about the Stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no Answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet; then speaks.*

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He

He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord cardinal——
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not

At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present; If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart

Is

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born:
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd), whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have

Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife? This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male-issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me?

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,

My

My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But, by particular consent, proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Mean while must be an earneat motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

King. I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in Manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartments. The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Queen. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Queen. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But, All hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Queen. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Queen. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women

Could

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number), if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima—*

Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel.——

Queen. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids: full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest),
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Wol.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Queen. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As your's was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Anti-Chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter Duke of NORFOLK, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick

After

After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't!
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess-dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal——

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister! he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!—
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his Seat; and whispers* LOVEL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;

My

My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken your's.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him Papers.*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* WOLSEY; *the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewel!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter

SHAKSPERE.

KING HENRY. VIII.

Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatneſs.

Act 3. *Scene 2.*

Loutherbourg del. *Delatre ſculp.*

London Printed for J Bell British Library Strand May 27. 1786.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Esher house, my lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it
(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master), with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol.

Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together),
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,

Your

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life;—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But,

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stampt on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal!

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now,
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee!
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

Must

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gentleman.*

You are well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow,

This,

This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess-dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!— 40

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the Purse and Mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his Head a gilt Copper Crown.*
6. *Marquis* DORSET, *bearing a Sceptre of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of* SURREY, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* NORFOLK, *with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque Ports; under it, the Queen in her Robe; in her Hair richly adorned with Pearl, crowned. On each Side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Dutchess of* NORFOLK, *in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*

10. *Certain*

Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.

They pass over the Stage in Order and State.

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me. — These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gen.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the same; high steward.

2 *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heaven bless thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gen.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 *Gen.* Those men are happy; so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;

And,

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled,
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* That I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think), flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,

That

That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it York-Place, that's past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gen.*

3 *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
The other, London.
2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick, led between* GRIFFITH *her Gentleman-Usher, and* PATIENCE *her Woman.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;——
So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he step'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,

Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their Hands. They first congée unto her, then dance; and, at certain Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head; at which, the other four make reverend Courtesies; then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same Order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head: which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same Order: at which (as it were by Inspiration), she makes in her Sleep Signs of Rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven: and so in their Dancing they vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musick continues.

Kath.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,

Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH, *and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How

How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My lord.——Griffith, farewel.——Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;——
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Some Part of the Palace. Enter GARDINER *Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVEL.

Gardiner.

IT's one a'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard.

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you), I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER, *and Page.*

As LOVEL *is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks

In

In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your hignness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night.— [*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Denny. Ay, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.

Lov.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [LOVEL *seemeth to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVEL, *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.——Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. [*Exit* CRANMER.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*within.*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!——'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council-Chamber. CRANMER, *Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So—
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make
me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and BUTTS, *at a Window above.*

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight—
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many-a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—

Exeunt

Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper End of the Table on the Left-Hand; a Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Duke of* NORFOLK, SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain, and* GARDINER, *seat themselves in Order on each Side.* CROMWELL *at the lower End, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-Table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains'
(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make

Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my lord — It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure

Be

Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,

In

In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
[*To* CRANMER.
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace——

King.

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.
King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me:

There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old dutchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard. Noise and Tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-Garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me; but, if I spar'd any,

any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do? 489

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! O' my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd.

They

They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord-Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK *with his Marshall's Staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing Bowls for the Christening Gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchess of* NORFOLK, *Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,

That

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness),
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,

And,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
King. Thou speakest wonders.]
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord-mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry—that's witty!
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd em: If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

K. HENRY VIII.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

K. HENRY VIII.

Dramatis Personæ.] Sir *William Sands* was created *Lord Sands* about this time; but is here introduced among the persons of the drama as a distinct character. *Sir William* has not a single speech assigned to him; and to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after *Lord Sands* has already made his appearance. STEEVENS.

There is no enumeration of the persons in the old edition. JOHNSON.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Line 15. ——*Or to see a* fellow
In a long motley coat,——] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own.

THEOBALD.

So Nash, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron-Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: "—*fooles* ye know alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in *long coats*."

STEEVENS.

18. ——*such a show*
As fool and fight is,——] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion* of *truth*, and *leave* him *never an understanding friend*. *Magnis ingeniis & multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* JOHNSON.

20. ——*the opinion that we bring*,
To make that only true we now intend,] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

——*th'*

——*th' opinion, that we bring*
Or *make*; *that only* truth *we now intend.*

JOHNSON.

To *intend*, in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend*. So, in the preceding play—

"*Intend* some deep suspicion." STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words, and reading—

That *only true to make* we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend *to exhibit only what is true.*

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton [in his letter of July 2, 1612, *Reliq. Wotton.* p. 425.] under the description of "*a new play* [acted by the king's players at the Bank-side] called, *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth." The *extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty*, with which, Sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house* (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground), are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, "the burning of *the Globe*, or playhouse, on the *Bankside*, on St. Peter's day [1613], which (says he) fell out *by a peale of chambers*, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play."

B. Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. "*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*"] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth*.

In a MS. letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated *London, this last of June* 1613, the same fact is thus related: "No longer since than *yesterday*, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the *play of Henry VIII.* and there shooting of certayne *chambers* in way of triumph, the fire catch'd," &c. MS. *Harl.* 7002. TYRWHITT.

25. ——— *Think*, ye see

The very persons of our noble story,] Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus:

——*Think before ye.* THEOBALD.

This is specious; but the laxity of the versification in this Prologue, and in the following Epilogue, makes it not necessary. JOHNSON.

ACT I.

Line 4. ——*A fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression, as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

20. *'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd To one above itself.*———] That is, *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.* JOHNSON.

21. ———*Each following day*
Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

24. *All clinquant*,—] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in a *Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before king James, at Whitehall, in 1613, at the marriage of the Palsgrave and princess Elizabeth. "——his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire." STEEVENS.

35. ———*him in eye*,
Still him in praise:———] So, Dryden:
"———*Two chiefs*
"*So match'd as each seem'd worthiest when alone.*"
JOHNSON.

38. *Durst wag his tongue in* censure.] *Censure* for

determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

43. *That Bevis was believ'd.*] The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Beauvois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

46. ——*the tract of every thing*, &c.] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose, in the description, part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

48. ——*All was royal*, &c.] This speech was given, in all the editions, to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

I would point thus:

——all was royal
To the disposing of it;

i. e. even to the disposing of it. MUSGRAVE.

50. ——*the office did*
Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

55. ——*element*] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. JOHNSON.

62. ——*fierce vanities?*——] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." STEEVENS.

63. *That such a* keech——] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the second part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*. STEEVENS.

74. *A gift that heaven gives* for him, *which buys A place next to the king.*] What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits *for* him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place*, &c. STEEVENS.

86. ——*the file*] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.

90. ——*council out*,] Without advising with, or consulting the council; not suffering them to have any concern in the business. REMARKS.

91. *Must fetch in him he* papers.] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview.

view. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. 13, &c. STEEVENS.

97. *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*
For this great journey.——] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. let. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

" *Pryde.* I am unhappy, I see it well,
" For *th' expence of myne apparell*
" *Towardys this vyage*—
" What in horses and other array,
" Hath compelled me for to lay
" *All my land to mortgage.*" STEEVENS.

We meet with a similar expression in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

" While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
" *He wears a lord's revenue on his back.*"
MALONE.

So also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: " 'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor* on his *back*." Edit. 1634, p. 482. WHALLEY.

See also Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. v. p. 26. Vol xii. p. 395. REED.

98. ——*What did this vanity,*
But——] What effect had this pompous shew, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

104. *Every man,*

After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] His author, Hall, says, "Monday, 18th day of June, there blew such storms of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear; for which hideous tempest some said it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between princes." In Henry VIII. p. 80. WARBURTON.

114. *The ambassador is* silenc'd?] I understand it of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd.* JOHNSON.

116. *A proper title of a peace*;—] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

133. ———*comes that rock.*] To make the *rock come* is not very just. JOHNSON.

142. ——*butcher's cur*——] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog.*" Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court,* has the same reflection on the meanness of Cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog,*
"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEEVENS.

144. ——*A beggar's book*

Out-worths a noble's blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than

than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

152. *He* bores *me with some trick:*——] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

"One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you, sir." STEEVENS.

157. ————*Anger is like*

A full hot horse;————] So, Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat*:

Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,

'Twill quickly tire itself. STEEVENS.

163. ——*from a mouth of honour*——] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say, that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

167. *Heat not a furnace*, &c.] Might not Shakspere allude to Dan. iii. 22.? "Therefore, because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*." STEEVENS.

181. ————*sincere motions*)—] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. JOHNSON.

190. ————*his mind and place*

Infecting one another————] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and

and yet he supposes the contagion of the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

193. ———suggests *the king our master*] *suggests*, for excites. WARBURTON.

202. ———*our* court *cardinal*] The old copy reads, ——*count* cardinal; which may be right. STEEVENS.

256. *John de la Court*,] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

264. ——*my life is spann'd already*:] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *enclose in the hand*; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies*; or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined*. JOHNSON.

265. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham*;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.———] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read,

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on;

whose

whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspere has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

"Oh, how this spring of love resembeleth
"Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
"Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
"And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony, remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds,

"———now thy captain is
"Even such a body: here I am Antony,
"But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

"———being but the shadow of your son
"Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Such another thought appears in the famous History of *Thomas Stukely*, 1605:

"He is the *substance* of my *shadowed* love."

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in the *Bloody Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"———is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,
"He *darkens all your light.*" STEEVENS.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts *out*," for "puts *on*," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished

guished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

268. ——*and the best* heart *of it,*] Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life; but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

269. ——*stood i' the level*

Of a full-charg'd confederacy;——] To stand in the *level* of a gun, is to stand in a *line with its mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

"——not a heart which in his *level* came,
"Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim."
STEEVENS.

302. *The* many *to them 'longing,*—] The *many* is the *multitude*. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:

"——the mutable rank-scented *many*."
STEEVENS.

307. *And* Danger *serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARBURTON.

Chaucer,

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantis*; the third, in his *Bouge of Court*:

"With that, anone out start *dangere*."

and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS.

314. ——*front but in that file*] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

339. ——*tractable obedience*, &c.] The meaning, I think, is,—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

342. *There is no primer* business.] In the old edition:

There is no primer baseness.

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore,

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. WARBURTON.

So, in *Othello*:

"Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies.—" STEEVENS.

353. *We must not* stint] To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. See *Note* on the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

355. *To cope*—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

359. *By sick interpreters*, once *weak ones*,—] *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers.

So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton:

"This diamond shall *once* consume to dust."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"I pray thee *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring."

Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth*: — "if God should take from us her most excellent majesty (as *once* he will) and so leave us destitute.——" STEEVENS.

360. ———*what worst, as oft,*

Hitting a grosser quality,——] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

374. *From every tree*, lop, *bark, and part o'the timber*;] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*. WARBURTON.

385. *That, through our intercession*, &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 892. "The cardinall, to deliver himself from the evill will of the people, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed,

and caused it to be bruited abrode, that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things." STEEVENS.

391. *The gentleman is learn'd*, &c.] It appears from "The prologue of the translatour," that the *Knyghte of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland*, the Printer, adds, "this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, of whom lineally is descended my said lord*." The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May 1521. The book has no date. STEEVENS.

394. ——*out of himself.*——] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNSON.

395. ——*noble benefits*——
Not well dispos'd——] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. JOHNSON.

399. ——*and when we,*
Almost with ravish'd list'ning——] I know not whether we may not read,

——*this man*
Who was enroll'd with wonder, and whom *we*
Almost were *ravish'd listening, could not find*
His hour of speech a minute.

To listen a man, for, to hearken to him, is commonly used by our author. So, by *Milton*:

"*I listen'd them* a while."

I do not rate my conjecture at much; but, as the common reading is without authority, something may be

be tried. Perhaps the passage is best as it was originally published. JOHNSON.

403. ——————*is become as black*

As if besmear'd in hell——] So, in *Othello*:

" ——Her name, that was as fresh

" As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

" As mine own face." STEEVENS.

421. *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

432. *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.*] In former editions,

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

We heard before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. THEOBALD.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspere, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players, to suppose them capable of being the authors of it. STEEVENS.

439. *The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Pountney,———*] This house was purchased, about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, some time master of the Merchant-Taylors company, and is now the Merchant-Taylors' school, in Suffolk-Lane. WHALLEY.

451. ———*under the* commission's *seal He solemnly had sworn,——*] So all the editions down from the very beginning. But what *commission*'s seal? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors ever asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—"The *duke* in talk told the *monk*, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." Vide *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 863. THEOBALD.

457. For *the love——*] The old copy reads—*To* the love. STEEVENS.

477. —*so rank?*—] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

485. ———*Being my sworn servant*, &c.] Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his *sworn servant*, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

512. *Is it possible, the* spells *of France should juggle*
Men into such strange mysteries?] These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says, they were occasioned by the *spells* of France. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers, &c. with *spells* and *charms* could force men to commit idle fantastick actions; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus:

Men into such strange mockeries.

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir Thomas More, speaking of this very matter, at the same time, says:

"*Ut more* simiæ *laboret fingere*
"*Et æmulari* Gallicas ineptias."

But the Oxford editor, without regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries*; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or *juggled* into by *spells*, must have a *passive* signification, as *mockeries*, [*i. e.* visible figures] not an *active*, as *mimick'ries*.

WARBURTON.

I do not deny this note to be plausible, but I am in doubt whether it be right. I believe the explanation of the word *mysteries* will spare us the trouble of trying experiments of emendation. *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited

mysteries; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

That *mysteries* is the genuine reading, and that it is used in a different sense from the one here given, will appear in the following instance from Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland:*

" ——even so it fareth now with thee,
" And with these *wisards* of thy *mysterie.*"——

The context of which shews, that by *wisards* are meant *poets*, and by *mysterie* their *poetic skill*, which was before called " mister artes." Hence the *mysteries* in Shakspere signify those *fantastick manners* and *fashions* of the French, which had operated as *spells* or *enchantments*. HENLEY.

519. *A fit or two o' the face*;——] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother:*

" ——learnt new tongues——
" To *vary his face* as seamen do their compass."

525. *And* springhalt *reign'd among 'em.*] The *springhalt*, or *springhalt* (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

So, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

" ——by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams."

Again,

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*:

"Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*."

STEEVENS.

540. ——*leave those remnants*

Of fool, and feather,] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong), but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: from whence it appears, that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "——we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which, in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind," &c. Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*. STEEVENS.

547. —blister'd *breeches*,—] Thus the old copy: *i. e.* breeches puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*. The modern editors read—*bolster'd* breeches, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

597. —*noble* bevy,—] Milton has copied this word:

"*A* bevy *of fair dames*." JOHNSON.

599. *As* first-good *company, good wine, good welcome*, &c.] *i. e.* he would have you as merry as these three things can make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater violence:

As first, good company, then *good wine,* &c.

JOHNSON.

606. *—a running banquet——*] *A running banquet* is a phrase alluding to a *hasty refreshment,* and is set in opposition to a *protracted meal.* The former is the object of this rakish peer; the latter, perhaps, he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires. STEEVENS.

651. *——if I make my play.*] *If I may choose my game.* REMARKS.

656. *——Chambers discharg'd.*] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows:—"cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers,* arquebuse, musquet." Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil,* 1636:

"——I still think o' the Tower ordnance,
"Or of the peal of *chambers,* that's still fir'd
"When my lord-mayor takes his barge."

STEEVENS.

674. *Enter the King, and others, as Maskers.*] For an

an account of this masque, see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 291. STEEVENS.

699. ——*take it.*] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

703. *You have found him, cardinal:*] Holinshed says the cardinal mistook, and pitched upon Sir Edward Neville; upon which the king laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and Sir Edward's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

706. ——*unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, mischievously.* JOHNSON.

714. *I were unmannerly to take you out,*
And not to kiss you.] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*, bl. let. no date. "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto Saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde."

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,
"If that when daunce is doon,
"He may not have at ladyes lips
"That which in daunce he woon?"

STEEVENS.

730. ——*Let the musick* knock *it.*] So in the first part of *Antonio and Mellida:*

Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly:
Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.
Fla. Pert Catzo, *knock it then.* STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 41. ——*He sweat extremely,*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed. — "After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore chafing, and *sweat marvelously.*" STEEVENS.

70. *Sir William.*] The old copy reads, *Sir Walter.* STEEVENS.

87. ——*You few that lov'd me,* &c.] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic. JOHNSON.

101. ——*no black envy*
Shall make *my grave.*——] I believe Shakspere, by this expression, meant to make the duke say, *No action expressive of* malice *shall conclude my life. Envy* by our author is used for malice and *hatred* in other places, and, perhaps, in this.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton,* bl. let. no date:

"Traytoure, he sayd with great *envy,*
"Turne thee now I thee defye."

Again:

"They drewe theyr swordes hastely,
"And smot together with great *envy.*"

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary,* 1580, thus interprets it. STEEVENS.

118. Buck. *Nay, Sir Nicholas,*
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.] The

The last verse would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places:

Let it alone, my state will now but mock me.

WHALLEY.

Mr. Mason, in his *Caractacus*, hath used the same collocation with Shakspere:

"I, that all despotic reign,
"Claim *but* there a moment's power."

121. ——*poor Edward* Bohun:] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford; Shakspere was led into the mistake by Holinshed. STEEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham, most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *History of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bohuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bohuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun?* In truth, the duke's name was BAGOT; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

123. ——*I now seal it*, &c.] I now seal my truth, my

my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

153. *And when you would say something that is sad,* &c.] So, in *K. Richard II.*

" Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
" And send the hearers weeping to their beds."

STEEVENS.

165. *Strong faith*——] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

239. *The French king's sister.*] *i. e.* the dutchess of Alençon. STEEVENS.

246. *From princes into pages:*—] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNSON.

248. *Into what* pitch *he please.*] The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans:* " Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

COLLINS.

265. *A door opens,* &c.] The stage direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*

STEEVENS.

282. ——*have great care*
I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.*

JOHNSON.

290. —*so sick though,*—] That is, *so sick* as he is proud. JOHNSON.

342. *Kept him a foreign man still:*—] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

368. *To give her the avaunt!*——] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

374. *Yet, if that* quarrel, *fortune,*—] The poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quareller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ————but that your royalty
" Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
" For *Idleness* itself."

Like Martial's—" *Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.*" We might, however, read——

Yet if that quarrel fortune *to* divorce
It from the bearer.———

i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer.

To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspere:

" ——I'll tell you as we pass along,
" That you will wonder what hath *fortuned?*"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. ii.

" It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine)," &c. STEEVENS.

378. —*stranger now again.*] *i. e.* She is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed. TOLLET.

386. ———*our best having.*] That is, our best *possession.* See note on *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act iii. sc. 2. JOHNSON.

397. ———*cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histriomastix,* 1610:

"The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law."

STEEVENS.

407. ———*Pluck off a little;*] The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen,* which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *dutchess,* and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

Pluck off a little,

saye she, *i. e.* let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds,

I would not be a young count in your way,

which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of. STEEVENS.

416. *You'd venture an* emballing:—] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball,* the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort,* such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball,* the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Anne. *I swear again, I would not be a queen*
For all the world.

Old

Old L. *In faith, for* little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire———

Little England seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I.'s time, who, speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*.

WHALLEY.

Might we read——You'd venture an *empalling*; *i. e.* being invested with the *pall* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of *K. Edward III.* 1596:

"As with this armour I *impall* thy breast.——"

And, in *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall*, is used in the sense of *enrobe*:

"And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell."

MALONE.

Might we not read, "*an embalming?*" A queen-consort is *anointed* at her coronation; and in *King Richard II.* the word is used in that sense:

"With my own tears I wash away my *balm*."

Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*. WHALLEY.

Notwithstanding the objection of Mr. Tollet [who ought to have shewn that Shakspere was acquainted with his distinction between a *queen* and a *queen-consort*, to have made his argument conclusive], and all that has been added against the reading of the text, I cannot but think *emballing* to be right. Whether the Old Lady confined herself to the single sense which Dr. Johnson has given, is left for Mr. Collins to determine. HENLEY.

439. *More than my all, is nothing:*——] Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

447. *I shall not fail*, &c.] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

448. *—I have perus'd her well:*] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king *James*. THEOBALD.

451. ——————*a gem,*
To lighten all this isle?——————] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsick light, and to shine in the dark; any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*;

"A precious

"A precious ring that *lightens* all the hole."

STEEVENS.

464. ——*is it bitter?* forty pence, *no.*] *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four-pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. the clown says, *As fit as* ten groats *for the hand of an attorney.*

Again, in *The Wild Goose Chace* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——Now could I spend my *forty pence*,

"With all my heart."

Again, in Green's *Groundwork of Coneycatching:*

"——wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling." STEEVENS.

467. *For all the mud in Egypt:*—] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile.

STEEVENS.

486. *Sennet,*] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Musick* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick:

Senné or *sennie* de l' Allemand *sen* qui signifie assemblée. Dict. de vieux *Langage:*

"*Senne* assemblée *à son de cloche.*" *Menage.*

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed (as is elsewhere noted), that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

In the second part of *Marston's Antonio*,

"Cornets sound a *cynet*." FARMER.

In the stage-direction of one of Shakspere's plays, *Sennet* is used not for the *tune*, but *instrument*. HENLEY.

486. *pillars*;] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. *More's Life of Sir T. More*. JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against Cardinal Wolsey, has these lines:

"With worldly pompe incredible,
"Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;
"And they bear two crosses right longe,
"Gapynge in every man's face:
"After them folowe two laye men secular,
"And each of theym holdyn a *pillar*,
"In their hondes steade of a mace."

STEEVENS.

——*two great silver pillars*;] At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry

pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspere.
PERCY.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

499. *Sir, I desire you do me right and justice*; &c.] This speech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

519. ——*nay, gave* not *notice*] In former editions:

——*nay, gave notice,*

which, though the author's common liberties of speech might justify, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and have therefore followed Sir Thomas Hanmer's correction. JOHNSON.

561. *I am about to weep*, &c.] Shakspere has given almost a similar sentiment to *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
"Commonly are, &c.—but I have
"That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
"Worse than tears drown," &c. STEEVENS.

569. ——*and make my* challenge,
You shall not be my judge:] *Challenge* is here a *verbum*

a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I* challenge *him*. I think there is a slight error which destroys the connection, and would read,

Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, I *make my* challenge.
—*You shall not be my judge.* JOHNSON.

573. *I utterly* abhor, *yea, from my soul*
Refuse *you for my judge*———] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the cannon law—*Detestor* and *Recuso*. The former in the language of the canonists, signifies no more than I *protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

589. ——*gainsay*——] *i. e.* deny. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid:*

"I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words."
STEEVENS.

602. *You* sign *your place and calling*,——] I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

606. ———*now are mounted*,
Where powers *are your retainers: and your* words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will,———] You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue: and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; *Having now got* power, *you do not regard your word*. JOHNSON.

I believe

I believe we should read,

" Where powers are your retainers, and your *wards*,

" Domesticks to you," &c.

The queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

" I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;

" I car'd not for the gentry, for I had

" Young nobles of the land," &c. STEEVENS.

636. ——*could speak thee out*)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

644. ——*although not there*

At once, and fully satisfied)——] The sense is this. I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

663. ——*on my honour*,

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,] The *king*, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal*'s sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

669. *Scruple, and* prick,——] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

The

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says, "The special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie that *pricked* my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907. STEEVENS.

679. ———*This respite shook*
The bosom *of my conscience*,———] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote:

The bottom *of my conscience*.———

Shakspere, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to king Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus: "Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my *conscience*, ingendered such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and disquieted." Vide *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 907. THEOBALD.

697. ———hulling *in*
The wild sea———] The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.
So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:

"And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."

STEEVENS.

718. *I then mov'd you*,] I have rescued the text from Holinshed.—"I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then ghostly father. And forasmuch

asmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I *moved* you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and *so I did of all you*, my lords." Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908. THEOBALD.

730. ——*The primest creature*
That's paragon'd o' th' *world.*

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"No: but she is an earthly *paragon.*"

Again, in another of our author's plays:

"——an angel! or, if not,
"An earthly *paragon.*"

To *paragon*, however, is a verb used by Shakspere, both in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Othello:*

"If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again
"My man of men."

"——a maid
"That *paragons* description and wild fame." STEEVENS.

737. *They rise to depart.*] Here the modern editors add: *The king speaks to Cranmer.* This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey, that he is return'd and install'd archbishop of Canterbury:

My

My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return!——

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name. RIDLEY.

ACT III.

Line 17. *WAIT in the* presence.] *i. e.* in *the presence-chamber.* STEEVENS.

24. *They should be good men; their* affairs *are righteous:*] *Affairs* means the *business of their calling.* JOHNSON.

25. —*All hoods make not monks.*] Cucullus non facit monachum. STEEVENS.

40. *Envy and base opinion set against 'em,*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

42. *Seek me out,*——] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read——*if your business seek me, speak out, and that way I am* wise *in*; *i. e.* in the way that I can understand. TYRWHITT.

The metre shews here is a syllable dropt. I would read:

I know

I know my life so even. If 'tis your business
To seek me out, &c. BLACKSTONE.

42. ——*and that way I am* wife *in*,] That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the king's *wife*; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and, contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published,

And that way I am wise *in*. JOHNSON.

45. *O, good my lord, no Latin*;] So, Holinshed, p. 908:

"Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie, good my lord (quoth she), speake to me in English." STEEVENS.

83. *For her sake that I have been*, &c.] For the sake of that royalty that I have heretofore possessed. MALONE.

93. *(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)*] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

95. ——weigh out *my afflictions*,] To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspere has *overcome* for *come over*. STEEVENS.

113. *The more shame for ye*;——] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

143. ——*superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

158. *Ye have angels' faces,*——] She may, perhaps, allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in the *Arrangement of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

"Her people are ycleped *angeli*,
"Or if I miss a letter, is the most."

In this pastoral, as it is called, the queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint.—"*England*, a little island, where, as *Saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angels faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lyons." STEEVENS.

200. *And force them*——] *Force* is *enforce, urge*. JOHNSON.

210. ——*or at least*
Strangely neglected?——] *Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected?* JOHNSON.

211.

211. ———*when did he regard*
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?] *When did he*, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another?* JOHNSON.

230. ———*contrary proceedings*] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. JOHNSON.

248. *And* hedges, *his own way.*———] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNSON.

256. *Trace the conjunction!*] To *trace*, is to *follow*. JOHNSON.

265. *In it be* memoriz'd.] To *memorize* is to make memorable. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

282. *He is return'd, in his opinions; which*
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:———] Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: *Cranmer*, says Suffolk, *is returned in his opinions, i. e.* with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, *which* (sentiments) *have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges* referred to on the occasion.——Or, perhaps, the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean—*He is return'd* in effect, having sent *his opinions, i. e.* the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. STEEVENS.

337. *Enter the King, reading a schedule;*] That the

cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspere, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797.

"Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded Cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.——This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after (in his study by himself), understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him

him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefor than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect," &c. STEEVENS.

348. ——*then, stops again,*] Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.

"——citus modo, modo tardus incessus."

STEEVENS.

411. *Beyond all man's* endeavours:——] The sense is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

413. *Yet,* fil'd *with my abilities:*—] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene:

——*front but in that* file
Where others tell steps with me. STEEVENS.

431. ——*notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to *be a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular*

ticular devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor. JOHNSON.

441. *As doth a rock against the chiding flood,*] "Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit." Æn. 7. v. 586. S. W.

477. *To* Esher *house,*—] The old copy reads—*Asher.* It was anciently so called, as appears from *Holinshed:*

"——and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher.*" *Holinshed,* p. 909, Vol. II. WARNER.

484. *'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it (I mean your malice), know,——*
I dare——deny it.] Wolsey had said:
——Words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.
To which they reply:
Who dare cross 'em? &c.
Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech, *Till I find more than will or words (I mean* more than *your malicious* will and words) *to do it*; that is, *to carry authority so mighty*; I will deny to return what the king has given me. JOHNSON.

535. *And* dare *us with his cap, like* larks.] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The

The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court? i. e.* a satire on Wolsey:

"The red hat with his lure,
"Bringeth al thinges under cure." STEEVENS.

550. *Worse than the* sacring bell,—] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession; as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

The abbess in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626, says:

"——you shall ring the *sacring bell*,
"Keep your hours, and toll your knell."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:

"He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass."

The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. 6. STEEVENS.

588. ——*to the* mere *undoing*] *Mere* is absolute. STEEVENS.

601. *of a* præmunire] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *premunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. STEEVENS.

604. Castles, *and whatsoever*,——] I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *Premunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection*;

tion; and his *lands* and *tenements*, *goods* and *chattels* forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very description of the *Premunire* is set out by Holinshed in his *Life of King Henry VIII.* p. 909. THEOBALD.

618. ——nips his *root*,] So, in *A. W's Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies*:

"And frosts so *nip the rootes* of vertuous meaning minds."

See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

630. ——*and* our *ruin*,] The old copy reads,

——*their* ruin. STEEVENS.

If by *ruin* we understand *displeasure*, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights, the old reading (*their*) may stand. MALONE.

632. *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer*,] In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Thomas Storer, student of Christ-Church, in Oxford, 1599, the Cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
"We fall at once like pillars of the sunne," &c.

STEEVENS.

667. ——*a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!*] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A *tomb of tears* is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Martial:

Flentibus

Flentibus Heliadum *ramis* dum vipera serpit,
Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram.
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro
Vipera si *tumulo* nobiliore jacet.

The Heliades certainly *wept a tomb of tears* over the viper. STEEVENS.

A similar conceit occurs in *Richard II.* act iii. line 434. HENLEY.

714. ——*cherish those hearts that* hate *thee*;] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good Christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends.* I am of opinion the poet wrote,

——*cherish those hearts that* wait *thee*;

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made

made by a just and generous munificence.

WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be absolutely necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *Christian*. Shakspere would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEVENS.

726. *Had I but serv'd my God*, &c.] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy-governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner: "If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele étoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse en autant pour Dieu, je ne doubte point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompensé de son paradis." MALONE.

ACT IV.

Line 1. ——*ONCE again.*] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act. JOHNSON.

12. ——this *day*——] Hanmer reads,

——these *days*,——

but Shakspere meant, *such a day as this*, a coronation-day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

91. ——*like rams*] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

140. *SCENE II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspere's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

151. ——*he stepp'd before me*, happily,

For my example.] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure*, *haply*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

160. ——*with easy roads*,——] *i. e.* by short stages. STEEVENS.

177. *Of an unbounded* stomach,——] *i. e.* of unbounded

bounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of king Richard III.

"Such a great audacitie and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie." STEEVENS.

178. ——*one, that by* suggestion, &c.] Thus, Holinshed:

"This cardinal was of a *great stomach*, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning; he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal!* A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

179. Ty'd *all the kingdom*:] Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly

rightly reads *Tyth'd*. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal*: who having insolently told the *lord-mayor* and *aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that, *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient; "Sers, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again; "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makyng of abbottes, probates of testamentes, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *threasore egall with the kinges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143.

FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the cardinal says,

"I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
"*Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land, &c."

STEEVENS.

Ty'd *all the kingdom*:] *i. e.* He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, *i. e.* limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act ii. sc. 2. "free us from his slavery," "or this imperious man will work us from princes into pages; all men's honours," &c. Act iii. sc. 2. "You wrought to be a legate, by which

power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also act i. sc. 1. and act iii. sc. 2. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644: "Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspere, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is queen Katharine speaks here, who, in act i. sc. 2. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, *i. e.* Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*." *i. e.* The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a public tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is descanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the

the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So Buckingham says, act i. sc. 1. "No man's pye is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, act iii. sc. *ult.* "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*, "You have sent *innumerable substance* (by what means got I leave to your own conscience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLET.

185. ——*as he is now, nothing.*] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"————Great men
"Till they have gain'd their ends, are *giants in*
"*Their promises*; but those obtain'd, *weak pygmies*
"*In their performance.*" STEEVENS.

186. *Of his own body he was ill,*——] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body.* So, in *Holinshed*, p. 1258: "he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with him." STEEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 16. temp. Edw. V. "She was *naught of her bodye.*" MALONE.

189. ———*their virtues*

We write in water.———] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster*:

" ———all your better deeds

" Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble."

STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.* whence Shakspere undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, " Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works*, bl. let. 1557, p. 59. PERCY.

206. ———he *did it*;] The old copy reads,

———that *did it.* STEEVENS.

215. ——solemnly tripping *one after another*,] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

229. *This to my lord the king.*] So, *Holinshed*, p. 939: " —perceiving hir selfe to wax verie weak and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint

point that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside." STEEVENS.

300. *My wretched women——deserve*
A right good husband; let him be a noble.

I would read the last line only with a comma:

A right good husband, let him be a noble;

i. e. though he were even of noble extraction.

WHALLEY.

A right good husband, let him be a noble.] *Let him be,* I suppose, signifies, *even though he should be*; or, *—admit that he be.* She means to observe that, *nobility superadded to virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.* STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 4. *NOT for delights;——*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

9. *——at* primero] *Primero* and *Primavista,* two games at cards, H. I. *Primera Primavista.* La *Primiere,* G. Prime, f. *Prime veue. Primum,* et primum *visum,* that is, first, and first seen: because he that can shew such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minshieu's Guide into Tongues,* col. 575. GREY.

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Come, will your worship make one at *primero*?"

Again, in the Preface to *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"——when it may be, some of our butterfly judgments expected a set at maw or *prima-vista* from them." STEEVENS.

16. *Some touch of your late business:*——] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

35. ——*mine own way*;——] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

44. *Stands in the gap and* trade *of more preferments,*] *Trade* is the *practised method*, the *general course*. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakspere with this meaning in *King Richard II.*

"Some way of common *trade*." STEEVENS.

51. ——*I have*
Incens'd *the lords o' the council, that he is*
A most arch heretick,——] This passage, according to Shakspere's licentious grammar, may mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is, *i. e.* because. STEEVENS.

56. ——*broken with the king*;——] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

61. *He be* convented.——] *Convented* is *summoned*, convened. STEEVENS.

93. *Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*] The substance of this and

and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563.

"When night came, the king sent Sir Anthony Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, "Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you tomorrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines, as information is given to us, have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie, and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in these matters, you being a counsellor."

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, "I am content if it please your grace with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandement; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthie of such reporte."

"The

"The king perceiving the man's uprightnesse, joined with such simplicitie, said, "Oh Lorde, what maner a man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witnesse against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your maister Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet, notwithstanding, to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailer, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop), and saie unto them, if there be no remedie my lords, but that I must needes go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they

they shall see this my ryng, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof."

"The archbishop perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbeare teares. "Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you." My lord, humbling himselfe with thankes, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

"On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men, all alone. D. Buts, the king's physition, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; "My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile chamber doore amongste them." "It is not so (quoth the king) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone."

"Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed.

hearsed. The archbishop aunswered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said; "When you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him." And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; "Ah, my lordes, I thought I had had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to waite at the counsaile chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailer as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsailer, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your

your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnelie laying his hand upon his brest) said, by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to bee of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding;" giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his induraunce, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, then for any malice conceived against him. "Well, well, my lords (quoth the king), take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more adoe." And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogethers, which might easilie be done with that man." STEEVENS.

127. ——*You a brother of us,*] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

135. *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the king's reply. JOHNSON.

146. *The* good *I stand on*——] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say,

The ground *I stand on*—— JOHNSON.

160.

160. Ween *you of better luck,*] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

195. ——*bless her!*——] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

200. *Lovel*——] Lovel has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEEVENS.

250. Chan. *Speak to the business,*—] This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that Sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor: but it is not he whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of queen Elizabeth's birth (which brings it down to the year 1534), Sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. THEOBALD.

266. ——*and capable*
Of our flesh, *few are angels:*——] If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity.*

Shakspere uses the word *capable* as perversely in *King Lear*:

" ———and of my land,
" Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the mean
" To make thee *capable*." STEEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspere wrote,

——In our own natures frail, *incapable*;
Of our flesh few are angels.——

We are all frail in our natures, and *weak in our understandings*. So, in Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599:

" To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rabble
" Of thin-brain'd ideots, dull, *uncapable*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" As one *incapable* of her own distress."

In *King Richard III.* the word *capable* is used to denote a person of *capacity* and good sense:

" ————O, 'tis a parlous boy,
" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost*: " If their daughters be *capable*, I will put it to them." Again, in *Hamlet*:

" His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
" Would make them *capable*."

The subsequent words strongly support this conjecture:

" ——out of which *frailty*,
" And *want of wisdom*, you," &c.

The transcriber's ear, I believe, here, as in many other places, deceived him. MALONE.

285. *The upper Germany*, &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GREY.

327. ——*your painted gloss*, &c.] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

332. ——*'tis a cruelty*
To load a falling man.] This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says,

——*O my lord,*
Press not a falling man too far. STEEVENS.

396. ——*But know, I come not*
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin, and base to hide offences.] I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus:

——I come not
To hear such flatteries now: and in my presence
They are too thin, &c.

It then follows:

To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

But the former of these lines should evidently be thus written:

To one you cannot reach, you play the spaniel;

the relative *whom* being understood. WHALLEY.

442. ——*you'd spare your spoons!*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspere, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Thus, in the year 1560, we find entered on the books of the Stationers-Company, "a spoyne of the gyfte of master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte, with the pycture of *St. John.*"

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D.* 1390, &c. observes, that "the general mode of eating must either have been with the *spoon* or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason, that *spoons* became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings."

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew-Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind:——"and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in." So, in Middleton's comedy of *A chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620:

"What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?
"A faire high-standing cup, and two great

" 'Postle *spoons*, one of them gilt.——

" Sure that was Judas with the red beard."

Again, in the *Maid in the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" Didst ask her name?——

" Yes, and who gave it her;

" And what they promis'd more, besides a *spoon*,

" And what *apostles picture*."

Again, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by the same authors:

" I'll be a gossip, Bewford,

" I have an odd *apostle spoon*." STEEVENS.

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. *Harl.* 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been in a subsequent period:

" Shakspere was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? " No, 'faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last." " I pr'ythee, what?" says he.—" I'faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story. MALONE.

460. *Paris-garden?*] This celebrated bear-garden on the Bank-Side, was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II. *dors.* 11. Blount's GLOSSOGRAPH. in verb. MALONE.

So, in Sir W. Davenant's *News from Plimouth:*

" ——do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?
" You would be suitors: yes, to a she-deer,
" And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden?*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan:*

" And cried, it was a threatning to the *bears*,
" And that accursed ground the *Paris-garden.*"

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspere was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London-Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers-Hall. Winchester-House was over against Cole-Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Black-Friars, Fleet-Ditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a South View of London (as it appeared in 1599), published by T. Wood, in Bishop's-Court, in Chancery-Lane, in 1771. STEEVENS.

469. *Pray, sir, be patient;*——] Part of this scene in the old copy is printed as verse, and part as prose. Perhaps the whole, with the occasional addition and omission of a few harmless syllables, might be reduced into a loose kind of metre; but as I know not what advantage would be gained by making the experiment, I have left the whole as I found it. STEEVENS.

472. *On* May-day *morning;*——] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *Maying* on the first of May. It is on record that King Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion. STEEVENS.

Stowe says, that "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise (*i. e.* concert) of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. REED.

480. —*Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,*] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

491. *Moorfields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. JOHNSON.

492. —*some strange* Indian—] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps cannot now be exactly known. A similar

A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast
"Lately brought from the land of *Cataia*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspere:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL."

COLLINS.

Fig I. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallick obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. TOLLET.

498. —*he should be a* brasier *by his face*;] A *brasier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal, occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. JOHNSON.

505. *There was a* haberdasher's *wife of* small wit—] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to the *Magnetick Lady*: "And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume." MALONE.

508. —*the meteor*] The fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

—*Fire-drake.*] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly

formerly given to a *Will o' th' Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

" Your wild irregular lust, which like those *fire-drakes*
" Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you
" Forth from the fair path," &c.

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

" By the hissing of the snake,
" The rustling of the *fire-drake*."

Again, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1631:

" So have I seene a *fire-drake* glide along
" Before a dying man, to point his grave,
" And in it stick and hide."

A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *fire-work*. So, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton:

" ——but like *fire-drakes*,
" Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell."

STEEVENS.

512. ——*who cried out*, clubs!] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. So, in the *Renegado*:

" ——if he were
" In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels
" For striking of a prentice."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*:

" ——Go, y're a prating jack;
" Nor is't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,
" Can save you from my chastisement."

WHALLEY.

514.

514. —*the* hope *of the strand,*] Hanmer reads, *the* forlorn *hope.* JOHNSON.

518. —*that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspere in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609:

"Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the *penny.*"

In *Wit without Money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:

"——break in at plays like prentices, for *three a groat*, and crack nuts with the scholars in *penny rooms* again."

Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604: *Sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of.

Again, in the *Bellman's Night-Walks*, by Decker, 1616:

"Pay thy *twopence* to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many *twopences* you've stow'd to-day!"

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

Again, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609:—"At a new playe you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met," &c. In *Wit without Money*:

"And

"And who extoll'd you in the *half crown* boxes,
"Where you might sit and muster all the beauties."

And lastly, it appears from the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that *tobacco* was smoked in the same place:

"He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres."

And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, 1607, it should seem that *beer* was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a *bottle of ale cannot be opened*, but he thinks somebody hisses." STEEVENS.

520. —*the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and a mery, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poete laureate, lately deceasyd." Printed by John Rastell, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,
"And some fall prechynge on *toure hyll*."

STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have

cant

cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "precious *limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the Puritans. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspere, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries), they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspere wrote—*the lambs of Limehouse.*

A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs:

"I am a Puritan; one that will eat no pork,
"Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,
"And open them on Sundays: a familist,
"And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"I cannot abide these *limbs* of sattin, or rather Satan," &c. STEEVENS.

I doubt much whether Shakspere intended in this passage to describe any part of the spectators at the

theatre. He seems to me rather to point at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave* or *Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*: and, *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title page, to have been publickly acted by certain *London 'prentices*.

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartholomew-Fair*: "Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage! or gathering up the *broken apples?*"——] and the words—"which no *audience* can endure," shew, I think, that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers—were, I suppose, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, act iii. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid, *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England.—They make all their scholars *play*-boys. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders?* Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books.—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all,

all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin. MALONE.

"Any stick will beat a dog," saith the proverb and so we find by Messrs. Johnson and Warton; for, if ever a Puritan come in their way, he is sure of a ferking from the first thing at hand. But whence did these gentlemen learn, that *The Tribulation of Tower-Hill* was a Puritan meeting-house? or that the Puritans who resorted to it were such "precious *limbs*" as the porter's man describes in the foregoing speech, and his master in this?—*youths that* thunder *at a* play-house, *and fight for bitten apples.*—Such glosses too plainly evince, that there is no absurdity, however ridiculous, into which men of the first abilities may not be duped by the rancour of religious prejudice. It is evident that *The Tribulation*, from its situation, must have been a place of entertainment for the rabble of its precincts, and the *limbs of Limehouse* such performers as furnished out the shew. HENLEY.

523. ——*running banquet of two beadles,*] A publick whipping. JOHNSON.

This phrase has already occurred in act i. sc. 4.

"————some of these
"Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested."

A *banquet* in ancient language did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. So, in Tho. Newton's Herbal to the Bible, 8vo. 1587: "—and are used to be served at the end of meales for a junket or banquetting dish, as sucket and other daintie conciets likewise are." STEEVENS.

541. —*here ye lie baiting of* bumbards,—] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel*; to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot*. JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage already quoted in a note on *The Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2. out of Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, that *bumbards* were the large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled *black jacks* of leather. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "She looks like a *black bombard* with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEEVENS.

551. *I'll* peck *you o'er the pales else.*] To *peck* is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense of *to pitch*. MALONE.

589. ——*every man shall eat in safety,*] This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:

"Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,
"In his own shade, or sunshine," &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first book of *Kings*: "Every man dwelt safely under his vine." STEEVENS.

593. *From her shall read the perfect* way *of honour;*
And by those, &c.] So the only authentick copy of this play. But surely we ought to read,

———the perfect *ways* of honour.

This, I think, is manifest, not only from the words *those* in the next line, but from the scriptural expression,

sion, which probably was in our author's thoughts: "Her *ways* are *ways* of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." MALONE.

595. [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her :*—] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

626. *And* you *good brethren,*————] But the *aldermen* were never called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised,

And your *good brethren*————

i. e. the lord-mayor's brethren, which is properly their style. THEOBALD.

EPILOGUE.

Line 11. ——*SHEW'D 'em:*] In the character of Katharine.

If they smile, &c.] This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion, that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspere; *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely, that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspere's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspere so much of *fool and fight*;

——*the fellow,*
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on

on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions.

JOHNSON.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *Prologue and Epilogue* to this play. Shakspere had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspere must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's Prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour:*

" *To make a child now swaddled, to proceed*
" *Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,*
" *Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,*
" *And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,*
" *Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,*
" *And in the tyring-house,*" &c. STEEVENS.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell, a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World.* JOHNSON.

It

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale), one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp.* D. VIII. and *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

CORIOLANUS,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.

CORIOLANUS,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete From the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

CORIOLANUS.

THE whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch.* POPE.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

Conspirators with Aufidius.

WOMEN.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was not for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on

The

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulph it did remain

I' the

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o'the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark me—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine

Their

Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost;
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,

Than

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,

Below

Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pike my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;—
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *with other Senators*; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you.
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone!

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.——

[*Exeunt.*

Citizens steal away. *Manent* SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House in Corioli. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not your's?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
[Reading.
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,

Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

CAIUS MARCIUS' *House in Rome.* *Enter* VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol.

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus——
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
O'er all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter

Enter VALERIA, *with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; Indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam!

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to your's, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes:
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er: that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and MARCIUS *follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.

Within the Town. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:——
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,

Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewel.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Roman Camp. Enter COMINIUS *retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off

Like

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flead? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

Deny

Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [*Waving his Hand.*

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords, take him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: Keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those sentries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*Here they fight, and certain Volsces come to the Aid of* AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS *fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt fighting.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp. Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Door, COMINIUS, *with the Romans; at another Door,* MARCIUS, *with his Arm in a Scarf, &c.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,

I' the

London Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, Aug.t 15.th 1786.

I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the Pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparisons!
Had'st thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
The treasure, in the field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry,* MARCIUS! MARCIUS! *cast up their Caps and Lances:* COMINIUS, *and* LARTIUS, *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch—which, without note,
Here's many else have done—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis your's.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volsces. A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would,

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove:
I pray you
('Tis south the city mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Enter MENENIUS, *with* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baâs like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of

allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurgusses), if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 66

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing:

hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

How now, my fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night!—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so Fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my

son

son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded? — God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh;—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets!

[*A Shout, and Flourish.*

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *the General, and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crown'd with an Oaken Garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
[*Sound. Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor.

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O welcome home!
And welcome, general!—And you are welcome all!

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and your's:
[*To his Wife, and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,

But

But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *come forward.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your pratling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred

He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,

But

But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Capitol. Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice

and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 316

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way—they are coming. 329

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS *the Consul*: SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS, *as Tribunes, take their Places by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd

By

By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.
1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.
Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not?
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* Cor.
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,

Whom

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and bye the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

'Twere

'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them—Thus I did, and thus!—
Shew them the unaching scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—
Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of

Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north,

north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly? 503

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife. 512

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him. 526

All. Content, content.

Men.

Men. O sir, you are not right; Have you not known
The worthiest men have don't?
Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir——Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholsome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't,
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert!
Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet

To

To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! 559
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir: — There's in all two worthy voices begg'd: —
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown. 570

1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,

that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen!—God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* COR. *and* MEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore; When we granted that,
Here was—*I thank you for your voices—thank you—*
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take

Their

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between), but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:

Of

Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street. Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other Senators.*

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart.

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

You

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better your's.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.

Com.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This pal.
t'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*
O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation

Which

Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it*;—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick,

That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with a Rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;——Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:—— Peace. Speak, speak, speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

[CORIOLANUS *draws his Sword.*

Cor.

Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
All. Down with him, down with him! [*Exeunt.*
[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol).—Be gone.
Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, *and* COMINIUS.
1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A Noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.
Men. I would they were in Tiber!——What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
All. He shall sure out.
Men. Sir, sir——
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot

Being

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—Come—

Men. Consider this;—He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CORIOLANUS's *House.* *Enter* CORIOLANUS, *with Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats; to shew bare heads

In

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. [*To* VOL.] I talk of you;
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because,
That now it lies you on to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter

Which

Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words
That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were your's:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:

Yet

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind. — To the market-
place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:——
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death

With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* VOLUMNIA.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,

Enforce

Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru.

Bru. Go about it.—— [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *and* COMINIUS, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic.

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men.

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.
We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You!

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow!

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru.

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*

The People shout, and throw up their Caps.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome. Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the Young Nobility of Rome.*

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewel:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not;—adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believ't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth,

A cause

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS, *with an* ÆDILE.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided

In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit* Ædile.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear;—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To* Brutus.

Vir. [*To* Sicin.] You shall stay too: I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go;—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman, and a Volsce.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been? Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd!

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your noble

noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's *House. Enter* CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars

Have

Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.
Cit. And you.
Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, sir; farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:——
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Hall in AUFIDIUS's *House. Musick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-Man.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave: I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor.

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *with the Second Serving-Man.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volsces' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf.

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:

Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Most
welcome! [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were—'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

3 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general

is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volsces.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A publick Place in Rome. Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he! O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic.

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours! We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-

Self-loving——

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports—The Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,

And

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;——
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—
Men. What's the news; what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?——
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with the Volsces——
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,

Or

Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com.

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters!—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exit* Com. *and* Men.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small Distance from Rome. Enter AUFIDIUS, *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean, for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And

And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, strengths by strength do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS, *with others.*

Menenius.

No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Volscian Camp. Enter MENENIUS *to the Watch, or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *Watch.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return: our general

Will

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is, Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily, amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say, you have), I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow—

Enter

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and cruellèr in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.

Mine

Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives him a Letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and MENENIUS.

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Tent. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, *and young* MARCIUS, *with Attendants, all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now

Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth!
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
[*Pointing to* VALERIA.
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of your's,
[*Shewing young* MARCIUS.
Which by the interpretation of full time

May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol.

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till

These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ—*The man was noble,*

Burney del.t Thornthwaite Sculp.t

Mrs YATES in the Character of VOLUMNIA.

——— So we will home to Rome,
and die among our Neighbours.

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Augt 22d 1786.

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak: Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end;
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But

But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volsce unto his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother!——

[*Holds her by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you: and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At

At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum, in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol; yon corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius

cius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if

The

The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volsces are dislodg'd and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A Shout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Sound still, with the Shouts.*

Sic.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the Stage, &c. &c.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry—Welcome, ladies, welcome!——

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A publick Place in Antium. *Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.——Most
welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory——

Auf. There was it;——
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin: and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding: This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours; the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought home,
Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?——
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:

Breaking

Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes imprest upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Crowd speak promiscuously.*

He kill'd my son—My daughter—He kill'd my cousin Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace.—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth: His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* MARCIUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:—
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* MARCIUS. *A dead March sounded.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

CORIOLANUS,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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ANNOTATIONS

UPON

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

Line 13. *ONE word, good citizens.*

1 *Cit.* We are accounted *poor* citizens; the patricians, *good.*] *Good* is here used in the *mercantile* sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Hoe:*

"——known *good* men, well monied." FARMER.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"Antonio's a *good* man." MALONE.

17. ——*but they think, we are too dear:*——] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

20. ——*Let us revenge this with our* pikes, *ere we become* rakes:] It was Shakspere's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done

greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with* forks, *ere we become* rakes: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the* pikes.

WARBURTON.

20. *ere we become* rakes:] I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by haymakers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 288:

"As lene was his hors as is a *rake*."

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II.

"His body lean and meagre *as a rake*."

STEEVENS.

90. ——————*I will venture*

To scale't *a little more.*] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine *spilt*, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. In the North they say *scale* the corn, *i. e.* scatter it: *scale* the muck well, *i. e.* spread the dung well. See Mr. Lamb's notes on the old metrical history of *Flodden Field*.

In the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of *Virgil*,

Virgil, the following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale*, to *scatter*, to *spread*, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler*, *schevel, skail*; but of a more general signification.

STEEVENS.

93. ——disgrace *with a tale:*——] *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries.* JOHNSON.

100. ——where *the other instruments*] *Where* for *whereas.* JOHNSON.

107. *Which ne'er came from the lungs,*——] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt.

JOHNSON.

111. ——*even so most* fitly] i. e. exactly.

WARBURTON.

116. *The counsellor heart,*——] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man.* JOHNSON.

140. ——*to the seat o' the brain*;] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read with the omission of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the* brain.

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the firs editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard* II. act iii. line 163.

"Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
"Against thy *seat*."——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

The *kingly-crowned head*, the vigilant eye,
The *counsellor heart*. TYRWHITT.

164. *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to* run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.——]

I think, we may better read, by an easy change,

Thou rascal that art worst, in blood, to ruin
Lead'st first, to win, &c.

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the formost to lead thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

Worst in blood may be true reading. In *K. Henry* VI. P. I.

"If we be English deer, be then *in blood*,"

i. e. high spirits.

Again in this play of *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. v. "But when they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*, &c." STEEVENS.

To win some vantage, is to get the start, or to begin the chace before another dog. TOLLET.

Ought not this passage rather to be pointed thus?

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first———

Thou, that are in the worst condition for running, takest the lead, &c. MALONE.

168. *The one side must have bale.*——] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *misery* or *calamity*.

"For light she hated as the *bale*."

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

STEEVENS.

175. *That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,*
The other makes you proud——]

Coriolanus does not use the two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

180. ——*Your virtue is,*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.——]

i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

204. ——*their* ruth,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. STEEVENS.

205. ——*I'd make a quarry*
With thousands——]

Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"And like a *quarry* cast them on the land."

STEEVENS.

207. ——pike *my lance.*] And so the word is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

219. ——*the heart of* generosity,] To give the final blow to the *nobles*. *Generosity* is *high birth*. JOHNSON.

238. ——'*tis true, that you have lately told us*;
The Volces are in arms.]

Coriolanus had been but just told himself that *the Volces were in arms.* The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us, some little time ago of the designs of the Volces are now verified*; *they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

271. *Your valour puts well forth:*——] That is, You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

277. ——*to gird*——] To *sneer*, to *gibe*. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a* gird *at me.* JOHNSON.

279. *The present wars devour him! he is grown*
Too proud to be so valiant.] The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.* To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in the second part of *K. Henry* IV. act iv. line 798.

But thou (the crown) most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.

He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompanyment of so much valour. STEEVENS.

296. *Of his* demerits *rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *Demerits* had anciently the same meaning: So, in *Othello:* act ii. line 219.

——and my *demerits*
May speak, &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolsey says to his

his servants, "——I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*." Again, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Epistle to T. Vespasian*, 1600: "—his *demerit* had been the greater to have continued his story." STEEVENS.

304. *More than his singularity*, &c.] We will learn what he is to do, besides *going himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

313. ——*'Tis not four days* gone,] i. e. four days *past*. STEEVENS.

333. *To take in many towns*,——] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. So, in the *Execration on Vulcan*, by Ben. Johnson:

"——The Globe, the glory of the Bank,
"I saw with two poor chambers *taken in*,
"And raz'd." MALONE.

338. ——————for the *remove*
Bring up your army;——]

Says the senator to Ausidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli*. If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army *to remove them*. If any change should be made, I would read:

——*for* their *remove*. JOHNSON.

367. ——*brows bound with oak*;——] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citzen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

394. *Than* gilt *his trophy*:——] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. So, in

in *Hen.* V. act iv. line 546.

Our gayness and our *gilt*, are all besmirch'd.

STEEVENS.

397. *At Grecian swords contending. Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the editors of the first folio may be known from the manner in which they have given this line:

At Grecian sword. Contending, *tell* Valeria.

STEEVENS.

419. mammock'd *it*!] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

"That he were chop'd in *mammocks*, I could eat him."

STEEVENS.

422. *A* crack, *madam.*] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Johnson:

"————Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelesly, and capriciously."

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

"A notable dissembling lad, a *crack*."

Crack signifies a *boy child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on second part of *K. Henry* IV. act iii. line 143.

STEEVENS.

486. ——*nor a man that fears you* less *than he*,
That's lesser than a little.——]

The sense requires it to be read:

——*nor a man that fears you* more *than he*;

Or, more probably:

——*nor a man* but *fears you less than he*,
That's lesser than a little.——

JOHNSON.

503. *Re-enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Martius *cursing*. STEEVENS.

504. *You shames of Rome, you!* herds *of boils*, &c.] This passage would, I think, appear more spirited, if it were pointed thus:

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you *herd* of—Boils and plagues ——
Plaister you o'er!

You herd of *cowards*, he would say, but his rage prevents him.

Coriolanus speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, uses the same expression:

" ——Are these your *herd?*
" Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
" And straight disclam their tongues?"

Again, Menenius says:

" Before he should thus stoop to the *herd*, &c.

The first folio countenances this arrangement; for after the word *Rome* there is a colon, and the second *you* is connected with the subsequent words. This regulation and reading are also farther supported by the old copy, where we find not *herds*, but *heard*, which is applicable to a body of men, and cannot be connected with the subsequent words. The modern editors chusing to connect it with *boils* and *plagues*, &c. were forced to alter it to herds.

We might read:

——*hoards* of boils and plagues
Plaister you o'er.

So,

So, in a subsequent scene:

"The *hoarded* plague of the gods
"Requite your love!"

But the regulation now proposed, in my opinion, renders any change unnecessary. MALONE.

530. *Who, sensible, out-dares*——] The old editions read:

Who sensibly *out-dares*———

Thirlby reads:

Who, sensible, outdoes *his senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. JOHNSON.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293:

"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smart than the senselesse armour, &c." STEEVENS.

534. ——Cato's *wish:*——] In the old editions it was:

——Calvus' wish:———

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

541. ——*make remain*——] Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.

591. Confound *an hour,*] *Confound* is here used

not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—*to expend*. Conterere tempus. MALONE.

So, in *K. Henry* IV. part i. act i. line 434.

He did *confound* the best part of an hour, &c.

STEEVENS.

611. ——*to* bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

"Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to *bedward*."

STEEVENS.

616. *Ransoming him, or* pitying,——] i. e. *remitting his ransom*. JOHNSON.

634. ——*on what side*, &c] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

"Martius asked him howe the order of the enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul granted him, greatly praysing his corage." STEEVENS.

637. ——Antiates,] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading. "Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates." STEEVENS.

639. *Their very* heart of hope] The same expression is found in Marlowe's *Lust's dominion*:

" ——————thy desperate arm
" Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope.*" MALONE.

645. *And that you not* delay *the present;*——] *Delay,* for let slip. WARBURTON.

646. ——*swords advanc'd,*——] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

657. Lesser *his person than an ill report;*] The old copy has *lessen;* I suspect the authour wrote:

Less in his person than *in* ill report.

That is; if any one here esteems his reputation above his life. So, in *Troilus and Cressidae:*

" If their be one among the fair'st of Greece,
" That holds his honour higher than his ease—"

If *lesser* be admitted, *regard* or some synonymous word is required, instead of *fear,* to make the passage sense. MALONE.

670. ——*Please you to march;*
And four *shall quickly draw out my command*
Which men are best inclin'd.]

Coriolanus may mean; that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expendition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspere, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him he went out of the cittie." STEEVENS.

676. ——*the* ports——] i. e. the gates. STEEVENS.

698. *Wert thou the Hector,*

That was the whip *of your bragg'd progeny,*]

The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of progeny?* It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say *he has the* whip-hand, for *he has the* advantage.

JOHNSON.

Schoolboys at this day use a similar expression:—

"He is the *crack* of the school." MALONE.

701. ———*you have sham'd me*

In your condemned *seconds.*]

You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn *as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.*

STEEVENS.

702. *If I should tell thee,* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "There the consul Cominius going vp to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thankes to the goddes for so great, glorius, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him selfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sorte

which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes aboue all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." STEEVENS.

708. *And, gladly quak'd,*——] i. e. thrown into grateful trepedation.

To *quake* is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver age*, 1613:

" We'll *quake* them at that bar
" Where all souls wait for sentence." STEEVENS.

715. *Here is the steed, we the caparisons!*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

718. ——*a charter to extol*——] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

735. *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered.* JOHNSON.

749. ——*When drums and trumpets shall,* &c.] In the old copy:

——*when*

———when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and *cities*
Be made all *of false-fac'd soothing.*
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for the wars:———

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus:

———when drums and trumpets shall,
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as *cities,*
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns *be made*
An overture for the wars!———

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps:* and the latter miserably involved in nonsense by blundering *hyms* into *him.*

WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him,* (an evident corruption) he substitutes

hymns; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

" ———when steel grows
" Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made
" A *coverture* for the wars!"

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When* steel *grows soft as* silk, *let armour be made of* silk *instead of* steel. TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspere. What Martial has said of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation:———

Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

770. *For what he did*, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receiue them: but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination." STEEVENS.

772. The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

779.

779. *To* undercrest *your good* addition,] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him.

WARBURTON.

780. *To the* fairness *of my power*] When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair*; *fairness* may therefore be *equality*; *in proportion equal to my power.*

JOHNSON.

785. *The best*——] The *chief* men of Corioli.

JOHNSON.

785. ——*with whom we may* articulate,] i. e. *enter into articles.* This word occurs again in *Henry* IV. Part I. act v. line 73.

"Indeed these things you have *articulated.*"

i. e. set down *article by article.* STEEVENS.

793. *At a poor man's house*;——] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to grant me. Among the Volsces there is an olde friende and hoste of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one daunger: to keepe him from being solde as a slaue."]

STEEVENS.

819. ——*Mine emulation*

Hath not that honour in't, &c.] I would rather point the passage thus:

——mine

——————Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword), I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may find him.

I am not so honourable an adversary as I was; for *whereas* I thought to have subdued him in equal combat, our swords being fairly opposed to each other; but now I am determined to destroy him in whatever way my resentment or cunning may devise.

Where is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

822. ——*I'll* potch *at him some way*;] The *Revisal* reads *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*. STEEVENS

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 31. "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." TOLLET.

826. ——*for him*
Shall fly out of itself:——]

To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from* its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

827. ——*nor sleep nor sanctuary*, &c.
Embarquements *all of fury*, &c.]

The dramatick art of this speech is great. For after Aufidius had so generously received Coriolanus in exile, nothing but the memory of this speech, which lets one so well into Aufidius's nature, could make his after-perfidy and baseness at all probable. These two generals

generals are drawn equally covetous of glory: But the Volscian not scrupulous about the means. And his immediate repentance, after the assassinate, well agrees with such a character. WARBURTON.

Embarquements, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation. STEEVENS.

833. *At home*, upon my brother's guard,——] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 7. PRAY *you*, &c.] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts knew their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

39. ——*towards the napes of your necks*,——] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

51. ——*one that converses more*, &c.] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

64.

64. ——bisson *conspectuities*——] *Bisson*, blind, in the old copies, is *beesome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

70. ——*you wear out a good*, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspere mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

76. ——*set up the bloody flag against all patienc*,——] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

96. ——*herdsmen of plebeians:*——] As kings are called ποίμενες λάων. JOHNSON.

107. *Take my* cap, *Jupiter, and I thank the':*——] Shakspere so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

119. *Galen*——] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 before the birth of our Saviour. Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

134. ——*possess'd of this?*] *Possess'd*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

151. ——*He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin*, seven *hurts i' the body.*

Men. One *i' the neck, and* two *i' the thigh*; *There's* nine *that I know.*] The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me*

see;

see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of. UPTON.

161. ——For nervy arms, read nervy *arm*——] MALONE.

162. *Which being advanc'd, declines,*——] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

166. ——*Coriolanus:*] The old copy, *Martius Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

180. *My gracious silence hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shews it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw:

" *Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!*
" *Their cadence is rhetorical.*"

Again; in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" *A lady's tears are silent orators,*
" *Or should be so at least, to move beyond*
" *The honey-tongued rhetorician.*"

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*; 1599:

" *Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!*
" *Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!*
" *Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,*
" *More than the words or wisdom of the wise!*"

Again,

Again, in *Every man out of his Humour:*

"You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence speaking* in her eye." STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning of *my gracious silence* is only *thou whose silence is so* graceful *and becoming*. *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. MALONE.

198. Com. *Ever right.*

Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.*]

Rather I think:

Com. *Ever right, Menenius.*

Cor. *Ever, ever.*

Cominius means to say, that—Menenius is *always the same:*—retains his old humour. So in *Julius Cæsar*, act v. upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says, *—Old Cassius still.* TYRWHITT.

205. *But with them* change *of honours.*] *Change of honours* signifies *variety of honours*; as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment.* WARBURTON.

217. *Into a* rapture,——] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit.* WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a rapture means a fit, but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability "rupture," to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very engenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

218. *A* maukin *or* milkin] *Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. REMARKS.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

"Put on the shape of order and humanity,
"Or you must marry *Malkyn the May-Lady*."

STEEVENS.

219. *Her richest lockram*, &c.] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says:

"His russe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue."

Again, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says:

"I give her per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,
"That there be no strait dealings in their linnens."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,
"I had no wit." STEEVENS.

223. ——*seld-shown flamens*] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. The word is

used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"O *seld-seen* metamorphosis."

The same adverb occurs in the old play of *Hieronimo:*

"Why is not this a strange and *seld*-seen thing?"

Seld is often used by antient writers for *seldom.*

STEEVENS.

226. *Commit the* war *of white and damash, in*
Their nicely gawded cheeks,——]

So, in Shakspere's *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

"The silent *war* of lillies and of roses,
"Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew:*

"Such *war* of white and red, &c."

Again, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"———the lillies
"*Contending with the roses* in her cheek."

STEEVENS.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

"———her cheeks,
"Where roses mix: no civill war
"Between her York and Lancaster." FARMER.

229. *As if that whatsoever god,*——] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever* god he be. JOHNSON.

249. *The* napless *vesture*——] The players read—*the Naples.*—— STEEVENS.

277. ——*the* fire——] The folio reads—*his* fire—Perhaps we should read—*as* fire. MALONE.

291. ——*carry with us ears and eyes*, &c.] That is

let

let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

294. *Enter two officers*, &c.] The old copy reads: Enter two officers to lay cushions, *as it were*, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

310. ——*he wav'd*——] That is, *he would wave indifferently*. JOHNSON.

319. ——*supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted*——] *Bonneter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave's Dictionary.

The old copy reads—who *having* been———

347. *Your loving motion towards the common body.*] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON. STEEVENS.

357. *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNSON.

382. ——*how can he flatter*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

392. *When Tarquin made a head for Rome*,——] When Tarquin who had been expelled, *raised a power* to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

395. ——*his Amazonian chin*——] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

400. *When he might act the woman in the scene*,] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspere's time, represented by

the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

405. *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland*——] Ben Johnson has the same expression in the *Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*" STEEVENS.

413. ——*every motion*
Was tim'd with dying cries;——]
The cries of the slaughter'd regulary followed his motions, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

415. *The mortal gate*——] The gate that was made the scene of death. JOHNSON.

416. *With shunless* destiny;——] The second folio reads, whether by accident or choice:
With shunless *defamy.*
Defamie is an old French word signifying *infamy.* TYRWHITT.

428. *He cannot but with measure fit the honours*] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

433. *Than* misery *itself would give;*——] *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies an avaricious. WARBURTON.

434. ——*and is content*
To spend his time to end it.
Men. *He's right noble;*]
The last words of Cominius's speech are altogether unintelligible. Shakspere, I suppose, wrote the passage thus:

——*and*

———*and is content*
To spend his time———

Men. *To end it, he's right noble.*

Cominius, in his last words, was entering upon a new topic in praise of Coriolanus; when his warm friend Menenius, impatient to come to the subject of the honours designed him, interrupts Cominius, and takes him short with,—*to end it*, i. e. to end this long discourse in one word, *he's right noble.—Let him be called for.* This is exactly in character, and restores the passage to sense. WARBURTON.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus:

———he *rewards*
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time, to spend *it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

To spend the time——— MALONE.

444. *It then remains,*
That you do speak to the people.]

Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius-Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if he makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the ballance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect

democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

478. *Once,*——] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all.* WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in the *Supposes* by Gascoigne:

"*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me.

FARMER.

Again in the *Comedy of Errors*:

Once this your long experience of her wisdom.

STEEVENS.

481. *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do.*] *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

Use all thy powers *that heavenly* power *to praise.*
That gave thee power *to do.*—— JOHNSON.

493. ——*many headed-multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed* monster, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness.* JOHNSON.

496. ——*some* auburn,——] The folio reads, *some* Abram.

Abram. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

498. ——*if all our wits were to issue out of* one scull, &c.] Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. WARBURTON.

551. ——not *mine own desire.*] The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without.* STEEVENS.

But is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading. REMARKS.

592. *I will not* seal *your knowledge*——] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

599. ——*this woolvish* gown——] Signifies this *rough hirsute* gown. JOHNSON.

I own I was surprized, on consulting the old copy, to find the passage printed thus:

"Why in this wolvish *tongue.*"

Mr. Rowe received *gown* from the second folio, and has been followed (perhaps without necessity) by all the editors.

Tongue might be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello.*

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in "A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who "caste unto him a husbande mans gown, and bade him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut

How-

Howleglas the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, (if *gown* be the true reading) Shakspere might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress of a Roman candidate* to the *coarse frock of a ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Why in this wolvish tongue.] The old copy's reading *in* and not *with* shews that *tongue* was, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, an errour of the press for *toge*. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we meet "the *tongued* consuls," instead of *toged* consuls. MALONE.

612. Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

——battles thrice six
I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

658. ——*aged custom*] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulson of the kings. WARBURTON.

664. ——ignorant *to see't?*] *Were you* ignorant *to see it*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it. JOHNSON.

672. ——*arriving*
A place of potency.——]

Thus

Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in the third part *K. Henry* VI. act v. line 171.

" ———those powers that the queen
" Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd our coast.*"

STEEVENS.

693. ——*free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

702. *Your su'd-for tongues?*] Your tongues that have been hitherto solicited. STEEVENS.

Or in other words your suffrages. * * *

714. ——*Enforce his pride,*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

719. ——*his present* portance,] *i. e.* carriage. So, in *Othello*:

" And *portance* in my travels' history."

STEEVENS.

740. *And Censorinus, darling of the people,*] This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, rom whence this passage is directly translated.

POPE.

740. *And Censorinus———*
Was his great ancestor.]

Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this, the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving

giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry* IV. act i. line 71. where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas———

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordake earl of Fife son to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas*, &c. And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

747. *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is *weighing* his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

760. ———*observe and answer*
The vantage of his anger.]
Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

ACT III.

Line 28——PRANK *them in authority,*] *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. JOHNSON.

45. ——*why rule you not their* teeth?] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

59. ——*since?*] The old copy——*sithence.*
STEEVENS.

60. ——*Not unlike,*
Each way, to better your's.——]
i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:
Why then should I be consul?
WARBURTON.

74. ——*This palt'ring*
Becomes not Rome;——]
That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling. Thus in *Macbeth*, act v. line 342:
And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter *with us in a double sense.* JOHNSON.

76. ——*laid* falsely——] *Falsely* for *treacherously.*
JOHNSON.

84. ——*let them*
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves:——]
Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves.

88. *The* cockle *of rebellion,*——] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people, &c." STEEVENS.

98. ——*meazels,*] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowmmn's Vision*

Vision for a *leper*. The same word frequently occurs in the *London Prodigal*. STEEVENS.

114. ——*minnows?*——] A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. JOHNSON.

116. *'Twas from the canon.*] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he had no right. JOHNSON.

122. *The horn and noise*——] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

125. *Then vail your* ignorance:——] The sense is—*If this man has power, let the* ignorance *that gave it him* vail *or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

128. ——*You are plebeians,*
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.——]

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.* STEEVENS.

135. ——*and my soul akes,*] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.

141. *Whoever gave that counsel,* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and persuaded that the corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they used to doe in citties of Græce, where the people had more absolute power: dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the

the vtter ruine and ouerthrowe of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their seruice past, sithence they know well enough they haue so ofte refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue receiued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should, if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembred in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer vs againe to be united into one bodie." STEEVENS.

155. *They would not* thread *the gates*;——] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley.
JOHNSON.

160. ——*could never be the* native] *Native* for natural birth. WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*,

or *cause of birth*. But I would read *motive*, which without any distortion of its meaning, suits the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

173. *No, take more:*
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!——] The false pointing hath made this unintelligible. It should be read and pointed thus:

No, take more;
What may be sworn by. Both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!——

i. e. No, I will still proceed, and the truth of what I shall say may be sworn to. And may both divine and human powers, [*i. e.* the gods of Rome and the senate] confirm and support my conclusion.
WARBURTON.

184. *That love the fundamental part of state,*
More than you doubt the change of't;——] To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrours; you do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

187. *To* jump *a body*——] Thus the old copy. To *jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.*

So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219. "If we looke for good succes

cesse in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

192. ——*which should* become it;] *Become*, for adorn. WARBURTON.

Integrity is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *befit*. JOHNSON.

216. ——*shake thy bones*
Out of thy garments.] So, in *King John*:

" ——————here's a stay,
" That *shakes the rotten carcase* of old death
" *Out of his rags!*" STEEVENS.

230. *To the people—Coriolanus, patience:*] I would read:

Speak *to the people. Coriolanus, patience:*—
Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

296. *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time:* or *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt:* that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

304. *Before the tag return?*——] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

338. *Do not cry havock,——*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.]

To cry havock, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *K. John*:

"————*Cry havock*, kings."

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Cry *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war."

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in the *Ordinances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10.

"Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havock* sur peine d'avoir la test coupé."

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

"Item, que nul soit si hardy *de toucher* le corps de nostre Seigneur, *ni le vessel en quel il est*, sur peyne d' estre traine & pendu, & le teste avoir coupé." MS. *Cotton*. Nero D. VI. TYRWHITT.

374. *This is clean* kam.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again,

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Camocks* must be bowed with sleight not strength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled." STEEVENS.

375. *Merely awry:*——] *i. e.* absolutely. STEEVENS.

403. ——*the end of it*
Unknown to the beginning.]

So, in the *Tempest*:

"The latter end of his commonwealth forgets its beginning." STEEVENS.

423. *I muse,*——] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.

428. ——*my ordinance*——] My rank. JOHNSON.

439. *The* thwartings of *your dispositions,*——] The folio reads:

The things of *your dispositions,*——

Mr. Rowe made the alteration, which I have followed, as my predecessors had done, though without distinguishing it to the reader. STEEVENS.

479. *Why* force *you*——] Why *urge* you. JOHNSON.

494. ——*our general lowts*] Our *common cloams.* JOHNSON.

497. ——*that* want——] The *want* of their loves. JOHNSON.

500. *Not what*——] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*. JOHNSON.

509. ——*humble as the ripest mulberry*,] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii) says of Hector, that he was softer than *mulberries*.

Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μόρων. MUSGRAVE.

511. ——*and being bred in broils*,

Hast not that soft *way*——] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):

"——Rude am I in my speech,
"And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;
"And little of this great world can I speak,
"More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——'Tis a worthy deed,
"And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
"To *soft* and gentle speech." MALONE.

533. ——*my* unbarb'd *sconce?*——] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

Unbarbed sconce, is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"*Grim.* ——you are so clean a young man.
"*Rom.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

"*Grim.*

"*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

"*Row.* I know him not, is he a deaft *barber?*"

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XIII.

"The lab'ring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds."

Again, in the *Malcontent*, by Marston:

"The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field." STEEVENS.

536. ——*single* plot——] *i. e.* piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARBURTON.

549. *Which* quired *with my drum*,——] Which *played in concert* with my drum. JOHNSON.

552. Tent *in my cheeks*;——] To *tent* is *to take up residence*. JOHNSON

557. ——*to honour mine own truth*,]

Πάντων δὲ μάλιϛ αἰσχύνεο σαυτόν. Pythagoras.

JOHNSON

562. ————*let*

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness:——] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, *Go, do thy worst*; *let me rather feel the* utmost *extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy*. JOHNSON.

607. ——i' *the truth o' the cause*.] This is not very easily understood. We might read:

——o'er *the truth o' the cause*. JOHNSON.

618. ——*and to have his* worth

Of contradiction:——] The modern editors sub-

substituted *word*; but the old copy reads not *word*, but *worth*, which I apprehend, is right.—He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion.

The phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now."

MALONE.

620. *Be* rein'd *again to* temperance;——] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. iv. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented "holdyng in hyr haund a *bitt of an horse.*"

TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. HENLEY.

621. ——*which looks*

With us to break his neck.] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect.* The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck.*

JOHNSON.

626. *Will bear the knave by the volume.*——] *i. e.* would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

653. *His rougher* accents.] The old copy reads—*actions.* Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

655. *Rather than* envy *you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

664. ——*season'd office,*——] All *office established* and

and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

702. *Envy'd* against *the people*,——] *i. e.* behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

703. ——as *now at last*] Read rather:

——has *now at last*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as*, in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

704. ——*not in the presence*] *Not* stands again for *not only*. JOHNSON.

It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8. "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God," &c. STEEVENS.

722. *My dear wife's estimate*,——] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife*. JOHNSON.

730. *You common cry of curs!*——] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

"——You have made good work,
"You and your *cry*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1634:

"I could have kept a hawk, and well have hallo'd
"To a deep *cry* of dogs." MALONE.

737. ——*Have the power still*
To banish your defenders: 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels, &c.)
Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your un-

undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech: *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

742. Abated *captives,*——] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit. So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

i. e. *Parcere subjectis, et* debellare *superbos.* STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 7. ——*FORTUNE's blows,*

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning:——] This is the ancient reading: The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy.

Perhaps

Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON.

28. *'Tis fond——*] *i. e.* 'tis foolish. STEEVENS.

35. *——cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

36. *My* first *son,*] *First, i. e.* noblest, and most eminent of men WARBURTON.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:

My fierce *son.* STEEVENS.

39. *More than a wild* exposture *to each chance*
That starts i' the way before thee.] I know not whether the word *exposture* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure.* MALONE.

54. *My friends of noble touch:——*] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

88. Sic. *Are you* mankind?

Vol. *Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—*

Was not a man my father?——] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman, is a woman with the roughness of a man; and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she

she be *mankind?* She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:

——Note but this fool.——

Was not a man my father? JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in the *Silent Woman:*

"O *mankind* generation!"

Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso:*

"See, see this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,

"This shameless whore." STEEVENS.

90. *——Hadst thou foxship,*] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

143. *——but your favour is well* appear'd *by your tongue.*] This is strange nonsense. We should read:

——is well appeal'd.

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I should read:

——is well affear'd.

i. e. *strengthened, attested,* a word used by our author.

"*My title is* affear'd." Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be *to bring to remembrance,* but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd *by your tongue.*

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet,*

"That if again this apparition come,

"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it."

STEEVENS.

178.

178. ——*already in the entertainment*,] *i. e.* though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

178. *many an heir*, &c.] *Heir* is, probably, here used in its obvious and ordinary sense, for *presumptive successor*; the younger part of the inhabitants of Antium being most likely to have been engaged in battle. However, the words *many an heir*, may signify *the actual owners, or possessors*; for *to inherit*, and *to possess*, are used by our author as synonymous terms. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*,

"——such delight,
"Among fresh female buds, shall you this night
"*Inherit* at my house."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*,

"To bury so much gold under a tree,
"And never after to *inherit* it." MALONE.

201. *O, world, thy slippery turns!* &c.] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

204. ——*who* twin, *as 'twere, in love*
Unseparable——] The second folio reads—*twine*, which might have been the author's word; at least he has the same thought more than once elsewhere. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"——how they *clung*
"In their embracements, as they *grew* together."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"I *grow* to you, and our parting," &c.

However, in *Othello* we have,

"——he that is approv'd in this offence,
"Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both at a birth,
"Should lose me." MALONE.

228. ——*that he gives entrance to such* companions?] *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*. MALONE.

272. *If Tullus*, &c.] These speeches are taken from the following in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye my self to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Vólces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynefull seruice I have done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname, a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue

saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who knowe the force of their enemie, then such as haue neuer proued it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more: then am I also wearye to liue any longer. And it were not wisdome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." STEEVENS.

291. ——*a good* memory,] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.

See *As You Like it*, act ii. line 96. *Lear*, act iv. line 656.

305. *A heart of* wreak *in thee*,——] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.

Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus*,

"Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude." STEEVENS.

306. ——*maims*

Of shame——] i. e. *disgraceful diminutions of territory.* JOHNSON.

330. *And* scar'd *the moon*——] Folio—*scarr'd*. Perhaps rightly, to distinguish it from *scared* or frightened: —yet it should not be concealed that in *K. Richard III.* we meet:

"*Amaze* the welkin with your broken staves."

MALONE.

335. ——*never man*

Sigh'd truer breath.] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"Ill *sigh* celestial *breath*, whose gentle wind

"Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1634:

"Lover never yet made *sigh*

"*Truer* than I." MALONE.

413. ——*he might have* broil'd *and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boil'd*. The change was made by Mr. Pope, or some subsequent editor. MALONE.

420. ——*sanctifies himself with's hand*,——] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

425. ——*He will*——sowle *the porter of Rome gates by th' ears.*] *i. e.* I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by*

by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals. So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

"Venus will *sowle me by the ears* for this."

Perhapes Shakspere's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus.* STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Gerrard, uses it as Shakspere does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. "A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 158. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage, to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

427. ——*his passage poll'd.*] i. e. *barred, cleared.* JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person, anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damætas' Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd.*"

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floddon Field:*

"But now we will withstand his grace,
"Or thousand heads there shall be *polled.*"

STEEVENS.

The folio reads—*poul'd.* MALONE.

434. ——*whilst he's in* directitude.] I suspect the author wrote:

———whilst he's in *discretitude.*

A made word, instead of *discredit.* He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense; but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense. MALONE.

450. ——*full of vent.*——] Full of *rumour*, full of *discourse.* JOHNSON.

451. ——*mull'd,*——] i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus.* HANMER.

458. ——*because they then less need one another.*] Shakspere, when he chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it in the mouth of some low buffoon character. WARBURTON.

501. ——*affecting one sole throne,*

Without assistance.] *i. e.* without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.

525. ——reason *with the fellow,*] *i. e.* have some *talk* with him. In this sense Shakspere often uses the word. JOHNSON.

534. ———*some news is come,*

That turns *their countenances,*] *i. e.* that renders their aspect *sour.* This allusion to the acescence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens,*

" Has

" Has friendship such a faint and *milky* heart,
" It *turns* in less than two nights?" MALONE.

553. ——*can no more* atone,] To *atone*, in the active sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here, is, in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*. JOHNSON.

582. *Upon the voice of* occupation,——] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men *occupied* in daily business. So Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*:

" *Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat* artes
" *Infra se positas.*" MALONE.

583. *The breath of garlick-eaters!*] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.

" ———*quis tecum sectile porrum*
" *Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?*"

And from the following passage in Decker's, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it should appear that *garlick* was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion.

" Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now; yet she has strong reason to love it: for though *garlick* made her smell abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse but for *garlick*."

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for

for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends so assist him. STEEVENS.

585. *As Hercules*, &c.] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.

590. *Do* smilingly *revolt*;——] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To revolt smilingly, is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

616. *They'll roar him in again.*——] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

643. ——*you and your* cry!——] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. STEEVENS.

693. *As is the* osprey——] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
"Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
"But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
"Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
"They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw." LANGTON.

So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"I will

" I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,
" That as she flieth over fish in pools,
" The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,
" And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Flodden*, that the *osprey* is a " rare, large, blackish, hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

696. ———*whether 'twas pride,*
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether———] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet*, to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

707. ———*he has a merit,*
To choak it in the utterance.———] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

710. *And power, unto itself most commendable,*
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.] This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the

the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations:

——*unto itself most commendable,*——

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself.

WARBURTON.

714. *Right's by right* fouler,——] *i. e.* What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspere.

Fouled, however, is certainly an English word, and is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1638, p. 441.

"Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the sight."

There is likewise the following proverb—*York doth* foul *Sutton*—i. e. *exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor.* STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 18. ——*THAT have* rack'd *for Rome*,] To *rack* means to *harass by exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

"The commons hast thou *rack'd*; the clergy's bags
"Are lank and lean with thy extortions."

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their

their houses burned over their heads, to save the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

19. ——memory] *for* memorial. STEEVENS.

22. *It was a* bare petition——] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. STEEVENS.

59. *He was not taken well; he had not din'd*, &c.] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See Epist. I. ver. 127.

"Perhaps was sick, in love, or *had not din'd*."
STEEVENS.

75. *I tell you, he does sit in gold*,——] He is enthron e in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Χρυσοθρονος Ἡρη——Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*, "——he was set in his chair of state, with a marvelous and unspeakable majestie." Shakspere has a somewhat similar idea in *K. Henry VIII.*

"All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods*."
STEEVENS.

81. *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:*] This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read,

Bound with an oath not *to yield to* new *conditions*.

They might read more smoothly,

——*to*

———*to yield* no *new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read,

———*What he would do,*
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. FARMER.

———*What he would do,*
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions.

What he would do, i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius (as appears from line 179, &c.)—*What he would not*, i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers*, nor *capitulating with Rome's mechanicks*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows, line 290,

" Cor. ——if you'd ask, remember this before;
" The things I have foresworn to grant
" may never

" Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
" *Dismiss my soldiers*, or *capitulate*
" Again with Rome's mechanicks.——"

HENLEY.

100. ——lots *to blanks*,] A *lot* here is a *prize*.

JOHNSON.

Lot in French, signifies *prize*. Le gros *lot*. The capital *prize*. S. W.

108. *For I have ever* verified *my friends*——
——*with all the size that* verity, &c.] To *verify*, is *to establish by testimony*. One may say with propriety, *he brought false witnesses to* verify *his title*. Shakspere considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only meant to say, *I* bore witness *to my friends with all the size that* verity *would suffer*.

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth.

JOHNSON.

111. ——*upon a* subtle *ground*,] *Subtle* means *smooth*, level. So, Johnson, in one of his masques:

" Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling-ground in all Tartarus."

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

113. ——*and in his praise*
Have, almost, stamp'd *the* leasing:] i. e. *given the* sanction *of truth to my very* exaggerations. This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2. *Guard*. " *Howsoever you have*

been his liar, *as you say you have.*"——*Leasing* occurs in our Translation of the Bible. See Psalm iv. 2. v. 6. HENLEY.

134. ——*the* virginal palms *of your daughters,*] By *virginal palms* may be indeed understood the holding up the hands in supplication. Therefore I have altered nothing. But as this sense is cold, and gives us even a ridiculous idea; and as the *passions* of the several intercessors seem intended to be here represented, I suspect Shakspere might write *pasmes* or *pames*, i. e. swooning fits, from the French *pasmer* or *pâmer*. I have frequently used the liberty to give sense to an unmeaning passage, by the introduction of a French word of the same sound, which I suppose to be of Shakspere's own coining. And I am certainly to be justified in so doing, by the great number of such sort of words to be found in the common text. But for a further justification of this liberty, take the following instance; where all must agree, that the common reading is corrupt by the editors inserting an English word they understood, instead of one coined by Shakspere out of the French, which they understood not. It is in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, where he is speaking of the office and empire of Time, and the effects it produces in the world:

Time's glory is——————
To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books and alter their contents;

To

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
To dry *the old oak's sap, and* cherish *springs;*

The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiments here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, not the *repairs* of Time. The poet wrote:

To dry *the old oak's sap, and* tarish *springs.*

i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir* or *tarissement, exarefacere, exsiccatio:* these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

After all, I believe the former reading of the passage in *Tarquin and Lucrece* to be the true one. Shakspere's meaning is, that *Time* was variously employed, both in destroying old things, and in raising up young ones. The next stanza sufficiently proves it:

" To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
" To make the child a man, the man a child;
" To chear the ploughman with increaseful crops,
" And waste huge stones with little water drops.
" To dry the old oak's sap, and *cherish springs.*"

i. e. to dry up old oak's sap, and consequently to destroy it; and likewise to *cherish springs, i. e.* to raise up or nourish the shoots of coppice-wood, or of young trees, groves, and plantations. The word *springs* is used in this sense by Chaucer, Spenser, Fairfax, Drayton, Donne, and Milton, as well as by the old writers on husbandry, Fitzherbert, Tusser, Markham, and by Shakspere himself in the *Comedy of Errors:*

" ——shall, Antipholus,
" Even in the spring of love, thy love-*springs* rot?"

Again, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. "We have manie woods, forrests, and parks which *cherish* trees abundantlie, beside infinit numbers of hedge-rowes, groves, and *springs*, that are maintained," &c. Thus far Mr. Tollet.

Dr. Warburton is surely unfortunate in the assortment of French words exhibited on the present occasion, since the *first* never was admitted as a *noun* into the French language, nor can the latter possibly be claimed by any language at all. The attempt to introduce *pasmes* instead of *palms*, ridicules itself.

The adjective *virginal*, is used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears."

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. x.

"She to them made mildness *virginal*."

STEEVENS.

135. ——*a decay'd dotant*——] Thus the old copy. Modern editorss read——*dotard*. STEEVENS.

173. ———*Though I owe*
My revenge properly,———] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

188. ——*how we are* shent——] *Shent* means but *shamed, disgraced*, made *ashamed of himself*. So, the old ballad of the *Heir of Linne*, in the second volume of *Reliques of English Poetry*:

"Sorely *shent* with this rebuke,
"Sorely *shent* was the heir of Linne;

"His

" His heart, I wis, was near-to brast
" With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne."
PERCY.

204. ———*how plainly*
I have borne this business.] i. e. *how openly, how* remotely from artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

243. *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*
Makes you think so.] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same,* meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes,* or other *dispositions.* She lays hold on the word *eyes,* to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

251. *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*——] i. e. *by Juno,* the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

253. ——*I* prate,] The old copy—I *pray.* The merit of the alteration is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

265. *Then let the pebbles on the* hungry *beach*
Fillop the stars:——] The sea may in poetry be called *hungry,* or eager to swallow in its gulph the vessels that pass over it: So, in the *Twelfth Night.*

" ———mine is all as *hungry* as the *sea*;"——

but this epithet appears to me less applicable to the shore. I suspect that our author wrote—" the *angry* beach," which might have been easily confounded by the ear with what has been substituted in its room. "The angry beach" is, the "wave-worn "shore" *fretted* with the gusts of heaven. "So, in the *Tempest:*

" ———the still-*vex'd* Bermoothes."

Again, in *Othello*, 4to. 1622:

" For do but stand upon the *banning* shore."—

In *K. Henry VIII.* we have,

" ———the *chiding* flood."

And, in *K. Lear*:

" As mad as the *vex'd* sea." MALONE.

272. *The noble sister of Publicola,*] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

273. ——*chaste as the* icicle, *&c.*] I cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful passage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:

" ———*thou art chaste*
" *As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play*
" *Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,*
" *Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.*"

STEEVENS.

276. ——*epitome of your's,*] I read:

———*epitome of* you.

An

An epitome of you, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time*, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

280. *With the consent of supreme Jove,——*] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

283. *——every flaw,*] *i. e.* every *gust*, every *storm*. JOHNSON.

306. *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment*, &c.) "The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspere, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's." Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than thrown the very words of North into blank verse.

"If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easily bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thyself, howe much more unfortunately, then all the women liuing we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearful to us: making my self to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and

and to call to them for aide, is the only thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their natiue contrie. For my self (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life time doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before malice and calamitie of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world." FARMER.

312. *Constrains them weep, and shake*——] i. e. *constrains* the eye to *weep*, *and* the heart to *shake*. JOHNSON.

364. ——*the fine strains*——] The niceties, of refinements. JOHNSON.

375. *Like one i' the stocks.*——] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

391. *Does reason our petition*——] Does *argue for* us and our petition. JOHNSON.

398. *Mother, mother!*——] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Oh mother, what have you done

to

to me? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see myself vanquished by you alone." STEEVENS.

418. ———*I'll work*
Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

421. ——drink *together*;——] Perhaps we should read *think*. FARMER.

425. *To have a temple built you:*——] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

444. ——*than an eight year old horse.*]——*remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

449. *He sits in his state,*——] His *state* means *his chair of state.* MALONE.

478. *Ne'er* through an arch *so hurry'd the* blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates.——]
So in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"As *through an arch* the violent roaring *tide*
"Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste."
Blown in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"———————here on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."
MALONE.

546. *He* wag'd *me with his countenance,*——] This is

is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, by Heywood, 1638:

" ——I receive thee gladly to my house,
" And *wage* thy stay.———"

Again, in Green's *Mamillia*, 1593: "——by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price."

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages*. So, in Geo. Wither's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" Good speed befall thee who hast *wag'd a task*,
" That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii.

" ———————must *wage*
" Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

STEEVENS.

553. *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd*——] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

581. ———*answering us*
With our own charge;——] i. e. *rewarding us with our own expences*; making the cost of war its recompence. JOHNSON.

621. Auf. *No more.*] This should rather be given to the *first lord*. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation. TYRWHITT.

646.

646. ——*his fame folds in*
This orb o' the earth:——] His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.

683. ——*a noble* memory.] *Memory* for *memorial.* STEEVENS.

THE END.